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# RELATIVITY IN ITS WIDER MEANING

*Outside of Mind There Is Nothing, and Apart from It, Nothing Has Any Meaning*

LORD HALDANE

THE outstanding event of recent years in the realm of mathematics, is unquestionably Einstein's theory of relativity. It is this theory in its wider application—the profound suggestion it may hold for our spiritual, intellectual and practical lives—that is the subject of this paper.

What has Einstein taught us? He has taught us that space and time are not fixed things which exist apart from the mind. He says that what we mean by space and time is really relations in which things stand to us living here as particular existences on an earth which is moving through space at eighteen miles a second round the sun; while light is moving with its greater velocity at 186,000 miles a second. Einstein says that space and time, when you work that out, turn out to be nothing more than *relations established between the mind and the things that it observes*, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving.

If I look out of the window, and continue to observe, I see the sun moving across the heavens and apparently going round the earth; and that is what people for thousands of years believed to happen. We know now that the earth goes round the sun, and it was only the relativity of our position that made us fancy that we were at rest and that the sun had a circular motion round us. This conventional view brings about relativity.

Now reflect on the truth that applies to a great many other things besides the motion of the sun. It applies to our ideas on the great subjects of God, freedom, immortality. As regards these we have first to ask ourselves what do we mean, and then to see if we have not introduced some prejudice of our own, some habitual way of thinking, which deflects us from the truth.

We require reflection, and very close reflection, to deliver us from the great mass of conventionalisms and habitual modes of looking at things which obscure our outlook on the great problems of life. For example, the notion that mind and matter are two different things which exclude

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each other. They turn out, when we inquire into them, to be merely the outcome of standpoints which have dominated our way of looking at things.

This notion of dominating standpoints is a very familiar one. We see examples of it all through the human species. The uncivilized are dominated by superstitions, and we who are more enlightened are dominated by other superstitions, often unconsciously. The woman in the home is often so taken up with the business of looking after her home and children, and is so absorbed by it, that it colors her whole outlook, and she does not look at things except from that point of view. Then there is the man who is so dominated by his business that he is not much good at any other subject. These are illustrations of the sort of influences that give rise to conventional habits of view. These conventional habits are very misleading, and prevent us from getting at what is vital. We want wider ideas, if we are to arrive at the answers to some of the life-problems that perplex us.

What is reality, and what do we mean when we use the word? We seem to mean what is before our minds, outside, in the world that is external to us, and inside, as the content of our minds themselves. Goethe, who was a searching and highly equipped observer of the actual, insisted that the two phases of what was present to the mind were not in point of fact separable, but belonged to one entirety. For him, mind was more than it takes itself to be.

We only separate outer and inner when we limit ourselves to our bodies. But even the physical organism has sensations and feelings which enter into the molding of that nature which appears as apart from it. We cannot truly bifurcate nature from the mind that observes it. For limited practical purposes our finite minds have to do so. The effort is a necessary one if we are to attain to clear distinctions. The mathematician, for instance, shuts out from his attention all relations in the object world excepting those of the externality to each other in space and time of events and objects. This phase consists of abstractions, and is wholly inadequate as a representation of the nature of reality—which is much more than an assemblage of lines and curves and numbers and equations. Into the actual there enter, as belonging to its constitution, beauty and purpose, and an infinity of relations and meanings which the mathematician cannot take account of, and has not in his science even language to express.

The physicist is in no better case. He, too, if he is to succeed in his efforts after precision, has to shut out all but a limited set of meanings that characterize nature. The other examples of meaning that confront him cannot be rendered in terms of electrons or protons. About these last he can tell us much. But not as the result of direct observation. He tries abstract modes of reflection which gives us what is highly valuable, but not the less abstract and short of the full character of the real. All such abstract methods are products of reflection, and are abstractions through which mind takes away from the actual as it appears. They

do not exist for a dog, or even for a savage. Their reality and truth lie in the fashion in which mind has given to nature general significances that have no independent existence in the world as we directly apprehend it. They have vast importance, but this they only attain in so far as mind enters into and makes itself present in nature.

It is therefore neither by the methods of the mathematician nor by those of the physicist that one can get any adequate grasp of reality, or take in our experience in its fullness.

The biologist is in no better position. He finds what the other two do not find, organic forms of behavior, forms which disclose the actual as behaving under the influence of conscious ends, and in which the parts are controlled by the whole to which they belong. All its material may change, and yet the living organism not only lives, but subserves in its development the law of its species. It reproduces itself in a fashion of which no account can be given by mathematical or mechanical principles, and its offspring carry out in the course of their development the ends which determine the behavior of two parent forms in fashioning its life.

These ends are no physical causes. They are not influences which operate from without as if separate from the immediate conduct of the life which they determine. They are immediately present and operative in that life, and are nothing distinct from that to which they give meaning and actuality. But they are not in all instances the whole of what we find in our experience. In a large part of the world before us, how large a part we can never clearly determine, the behavior of the living being is distinguished by conscious purpose. When this is so, we find mind —mind at some stage—clearly revealed to us in nature as belonging to it. Other living beings, whether they be men or animals, are then other minds of which we have direct apprehension. Our own minds we find expressed in our bodies, the bodies of ourselves or others, but still bodies. These bodies are more than merely living organisms. They are conscious organisms. Of mind we thus have experience as not only within us but as without us in a variety of forms.

What do we perceive when we are thus aware of other minds? We perceive mind as working at different degrees or levels. It may be the dog, or even the bee, that seems to us to act under the guidance of conscious intelligence. In the case of other men we have no doubt that they act consciously and with intelligent purpose, just as we ourselves do. And this forces on us the recognition that there is more before us than mere physical behavior.

If we study the history of philosophy in its sequence of systems, we find that there is much in which these systems, however divergent in their details, are at one. A leading feature in them is that mind fashions its object. Sometimes it is held that this fashioning is only subjective and has no truth excepting in the mind itself. Sometimes it is said that there is, on the other hand, nothing real apart from such fashioning. Now it is enough for the present purpose to hold that there is a fashioning

of some kind, which we cannot leave out of account. If this be true, there is no experience apart from the mind whose experience it is. Any idea of experience into which mind does not enter at all is impossible even to state, and it does not hold together.

We can see that this is so, if we take our everyday experience with our fellow men and women. I meet a friend in the street; I recognize and converse with him. How is this possible? If he were a mere unintelligent aggregate of my sensations, of sight and hearing and touch, I should not identify him as the individual I have known. For he may have changed so as to seem in external appearance quite different from what he was when I last met him a year since. But I am aware of him as the self-same person, such change notwithstanding. I am the same "I" that I was then, although in externals and in circumstances I too have changed.

And so it is with him. He is also an "I," a self, constant despite alteration so long as he lives. His relation to himself in the past is not one of resemblance but of identity. Our names and descriptions in the world turn of course on external circumstances. As citizens, as belonging to a particular family, we are the outcome of biological and social conditions. I know my friend as the head of such and such a household, and as having such and such connections and personal history. I know, too, the character of his particular mind and its contents. But that is not the only knowledge I have of him. He is to me a self like myself. When he and I say "I," we are the centers in which our experience is focused. It is as selves that we think.

Now thinking is no activity that can be expressed in terms of relations in space and time. It is rather a condition that is required in order to make space and time themselves intelligible. It is as though these present themselves *for* thought, and it is through thinking that they get the meaning which belongs to their reality. Thinking is therefore no event in the object world. No doubt I sit in my chair and think. But my reflection belongs not to the chair, nor yet to the physiological condition of my body. It belongs to mind, and is mind.

When therefore I say "I," the world of experience is focused in me, and I am the condition of there being any experience at all. My self is an identity which remains identical amid all changes, just because the changes would have no meaning apart from the self which experiences the changes. When we say "I," we bring our physical organisms, our memories, our conduct, into a relation in which they stand as objects for a subject. It is as subject in this relation that we are selves, and say "I," and what we mean when we say it is that we are thinking.

Numerical difference and number and mutual exclusion belong to the physical. But the physical falls within that experience of which the self is the condition and apart from which experience has no meaning. That this is so becomes apparent if we consider what a crowd, say at a meeting, consists in. The individuals who compose it have come together. But if they did not have a common mind they would be merely isolated physical entities, with no general purpose or understanding and with

no consciousness of each other's presence. They hear the speaker who addresses them, and their bond of union with him is that they think in a fashion that is, as far as most of it goes, identical with his thinking. Language is the symbolic medium that unites them, and if they have a common language, they are aware of this unity of intelligence. Minds less furnished with conceptions, such as that of a dog or of a foreigner who is ignorant of the meanings of the words used, cannot appreciate this identity. Nevertheless, it is not only there, but it is the bond which holds the meeting together.

It is mind then that is indispensable for the possibility of our common experience and indeed for any experience at all. To it is relative the constitution of every phase of that experience and all its relations, even the most abstract and general, such as those by which the mathematician reaches his abstractions. Equally is it implied by what is most concrete and particular; the most immediate sensation or feeling derives the significance without which it has neither meaning nor reality, from the constitutive activity of thought.

The self, then, though finite, is not a thing in space and time, nor is it boxed up in a brain. Its finiteness means that the nervous system of a particular organism is the mode in which it is expressed in its world. To that world in this sense it belongs. As an intelligent organism it has a place in that world, and a history—the history of the particular organism and of its development as such. But mind is no mere organism, nor is it substance. It consists essentially in activity, and in creative activity. It is spontaneous and free. Even in a prison the spirit is aware of its freedom of will. Although disease may interfere with the organism and deprive the mind, temporarily or permanently as in death, of its instrument of expression, still all that happens in the world, including the process of dying, is a series of events which have meaning only for the mind which not only apprehends but enters into its constitution.

That is how the question really arises, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The self can abstract from its own pain and even from its own death. The hero and the martyr have always done so. For it is inherent in the self to rise above that world and detach itself from it, notwithstanding that it requires the world for the expression of its daily life. Even death and disease are not the last words about life, but reflectively we can hold them out, as it were, at arm's length and abstract from their importance.

Let us see the path along which these considerations point us. We have found that into the world which we experience, thought enters everywhere. Not merely abstract thought, but the full content of the mind which constitutes beauty and morals. A universe made up only of point events, combined in relations that were those of a simple externality of the point events to each other, would have no significance for us. We have no experience of such a universe, and it would have no reality for us. The actual universe as external to us is concrete and unlimitedly rich in its variety, just as is the universe as we find it within ourselves. We get at

its abstract relations by a process of abstractions which the limitless freedom of our reflection makes possible. But our world is always much more than can be rendered by such abstractions. The ideal is a larger whole in which the universals of reflection and the particulars which they invest with meaning, are inseparable. There is no particular which has reality apart from the meanings in which it is set by mind. The process of discovering the general relations which are implied in such setting is, indeed, an inexhaustible one and for us has no end. But the ideal to which we are compelled is one in which subject and object are no longer separable, and in which both fall within a larger whole in knowledge that is complete.

There are varying degrees in reality. There are varying levels in knowledge. The living organism is at a level higher than that of the machine, and the conscious being is at a level higher than that of the living organism. Experience discloses to us ascents in its meaning which bring us up, up to the self that thinks, and then we have a key to the varying significances of reality.

It is beside the point to say that all this is the outcome of evolution in the world before us. For that world is meaningless and not actual expect as object for a mind that comprehends it. It is through the conceptions which that mind has brought to bear in construing the world itself that the latter gets its significance and is so real. Except when conceived as an object of the mind, there is no meaning in any universe within whch evolution could take place. A percipient and intelligent mind is presupposed as logically antecedent to and as the condition of every phase of reality.

It is in this fashion that we are impelled toward the conception as the foundation of the universe, of absolute mind. What the character of such mind is, it is only in symbols that we can picture. All that is highest in quality points toward it, and all that is highest in quality must accordingly find its analogies for reflection there. Itself the foundation of the self and of human personality, the distinctive qualities of personality would seem to characterize it: perfect freedom, creativeness in thinking, complete self-determination. But infinite mind can be no individual confronted by a notself. Its object can only be itself. It is therefore more than personal, in the sense in which we use the word. To the highest implications of personality, it adds those of superpersonality, of qualities that pertain to what alone is all-inclusive.

It may be that we can get no nearer than this in our attempts to present God as an object for reflection. Other attempts that have been made have always tended to represent him as of a possible object in some kind of world. But we get near to his nature best in the symbolism of religion and art. These lift us beyond ourselves and show us how true it is that we are more than we take ourselves to be.

Every man has his own poetry, his own forms of beauty, his own kind of religion, which appeal to him individually more than to others. The only question is whether what he chooses is of the highest quality. He "prac-

tises the presence of God" in his own fashion, and in the shape that appeals to him most vividly. It is by thus disentangling the higher implications of our experience that we approach to God.

We may have help from communion in this spiritual exercise with our fellow-men, just as we may have it in literature or art. The point is that it should bring with it the sense of the presence of the highest, and of approach to that which is at a nobler level than that of our lowly selves. It is so that we come to the sense of the divine in us. It is just life, but life lived at a higher level. We may know that the best we can attain to is only symbolical, but it is a symbol of what is a degree higher than that of everyday life. And the symbolical language in which we can express it does not contradict science. It says the same thing, but at its higher level. Science and the divine do not contradict each other, because their categories are of wholly different logical orders, which accordingly can never come into conflict. It is only in their narrow and too conventional aspects that they can even seem to do so.

There are levels in experience which belong to reality just as much as do the principles of men of science. Every one of us knows that there comes a time when we seem to be lifted above ourselves—which means that above the level of our minds there is a higher world. What was Christ but the personification of the power to rise above conventionality? If that be so, then the eminence of God means the chief foundation upon which our minds were meant to be lifted to such level that the separation of mind and things disappears. That is the mind in which you and I participate; it is the foundation of even our individual existences; and if that be so, surely it is a foundation on which to put our faith.

Returning to the discussion of relativity in science:

The progress of science lies not merely in increased observation of facts which experience discloses, but in the breaking down of abstractions. In all the sciences we use for primary purposes a particular set of general conceptions, and under these we generalize abstractly. To take mathematical physics as an illustration, we used formerly to generalize, as Newton did, with the conceptions of space and time as unchanging features or phases of the object world, which never became different, into however remote regions of the universe we carried our observation or our reasoning about what we observed. But there has come a time in which we have found that this assumption does not fit in with the facts as we now know them. If the principle be one of general applicability, the rays of a star in passing the sun ought to pass it at a definite distance which we can calculate exactly. But observation has shown that such rays do not pass at the distance so calculated, but at a very different distance. The lines, too, in the spectrum ought to diverge from each other, if Newton's principle be the true one, only in a definite way. In point of fact, they diverge differently.

The result of this want of accordance of the general principle with the facts sought to be arrayed under it, is that modern mathematical physi-

cists have had to recast the idea of a uniform space-time system prevading the universe. Space and time are no longer thought of as independent of each other. They are to be regarded as existing only in a combination in which each has to be taken into account as modifying and required for the interpretation of the other. Moreover, it has become apparent that in the different regions of the universe the space-time systems may be as divergent as observation of the events that take place in them shows them to be. We no longer require the idea of action at a distance. The reason why a particle shot out into space does not continue to move in a straight line in accordance with Newton's law is not now that it is deflected by a force pulling it from its path from a distance, such as gravitation was held to be. It is that in the space-time system in which it is moving, its course is that which the particular space-time compels.

The system in the neighborhood of the sun is different from that in the neighborhood of the earth. That is why observations based on what was found to be the case on earth, and the calculations founded on them, proved to be wholly misleading when the calculations were applied to the space-time system round the sun, on the assumption that it must be the same. The genius of the pure mathematicians has devised a method by which all such calculations can be freed from dependence on what is observed in the form of particular shape and measurement. Mathematics has extended its range to the "world conditions" which are basic to physical quantities as we discover them.

A physical quantity is not absolute as an entity. "It is something that is defined," as Professor Eddington and others have pointed out, "by a series of operations and calculations of which it is the result." Mass is now described through experiments on inertial properties, and no longer as some invisible agent in the world picture. The physical quantities are now regarded as "measure numbers" based on world conditions which we cannot reach by observation. Measure numbers may be assigned according to any code of measurement, the only requirement being that the same measure number always implies the same world condition, and that different world conditions receive different measure numbers. That was what was done when the curvature and distance of the rays from stars passing the sun during an eclipse had to be calculated differently from such rays as observed in the neighborhood of the earth. The modern tensor calculus enables this to be brought about.

But it is obvious that as soon as we have to define the measure numbers in our observations as depending on conditions and results of our observations, and not merely, as Newton thought, on direct perception, we have passed into a new view of experience. Reflection now enters into and molds its objects. The mind to which they are presented is not passive in the process. Thought is now seen to be molding things in a way in which our forefathers did not dream of. How much more is not this the case when we come to the phenomena of life and mind, phenomena which belong to our object world just as much as do the physical quantities?

The whole which controls the action of the members in the living organism is neither an influence determining their action as a course *ab extra*, nor can it be apprehended as existing independently. Its operation is immediate and its expression lies only in the behavior of the parts which live in it. The mind, again, is free and self-determining as the result of its own reflection. Throughout the object world we are confronted by phenomena of these and other kinds totally distinguishable from each other in the conceptions or categories of thought which they express. It is when we observe their contrasts that we come to realize that knowledge and reality alike display different levels and degrees in the character disclosed in them.

It is to mind that we are driven back as the only basis on which all this can be made explicable. Outside mind there is nothing, and apart from it, nothing has any meaning. In our conditioned intelligences it is expressed, but never perfectly. Yet we are pointed to an ideal beyond our finiteness, that of mind as expressing itself partially in our individual selves, and so far as it does so, not in forms that merely resemble each other, but in ways in which it is identical. Such is the mind which embraces the entire reality of which it is the foundation, and gives it the implications of which it is the unification.

The various creeds tend toward an infinity thus conceived. Their expressions may be inadequate, and they are never more than symbolic. Even the strictest metaphysic does not take us out of expressions which are no more than metaphors. But our own experience drives us by what we find in it toward the recognition of what lies above and beyond; above because it is loftier in quality, beyond, because it is all-embracing. That is how we fashion the conception of God, and we come to that conception as reality when we look into our own souls, as we do when we turn to the world that seems to exist outside of and apart from the mind, but does not truly so exist.

And so we come with the moralists, with the poets, with the artists, with the votaries of the highest among the religious creeds, to the idea which began to press itself on us when we started to explore experience. The more things are interpreted as spiritual, the more they are found to be real.

# THE OLD MAN'S CHAIR

*Hell Fire Corner Revisited, and a Bit of Philosophy*

R. H. MOTTRAM

WHY on earth he had come back there, Skene could not for the life of him make out. He was not enjoying it, hadn't expected to enjoy it. But surely enough, all those years since the day when, with a feeling of tragic finality, he had put off his khaki and put on an ill-fitting civilian suit that had been his best in another life, he had known with increasing certainty that sooner or later, he'd go back there. And here he was, almost against his wish.

He had not regained control over his thoughts and actions until he got to Ypres. In that place, sheer revolt had cleared his brain and braced his will. Nothing during the journey thither had prepared him for what he found there. Boulogne, never much damaged, had only the great cranes on the quay to remind him. Calais had shell-holes, but little else. At St. Omer he had picked up the main way to the front as he remembered marching it or going by train. There were those solid villages amid the rich fields. Then Hazebrouck looking mended-up. Then more villages. Finally Poperinghe, the obscure market-town that for so long had been rail-head. Even then he did not grasp what had happened.

When, with a beating heart, and nerves that fluttered at the slightest sound, if it resembled the awful crashes he associated with that journey, he got out at Ypres, he had to stop a moment to look round. He had never been there in daylight, and might anyhow have had some difficulty in recognizing the hastily rebuilt and reinhabited town that he had only known as an ever-yawning tomb. But what rendered it totally unrecognizable was the crowd. To him Ypres was a place of hurrying parties, and hastily carried stretchers. He now found it filled with a population that seemed to have come from Blackpool and Ostend, a people of cameras and guide-books, curious souvenir hunters and bored sightseers, herded and jostled in and out of restaurants and exhibitions by uniformed couriers shouting of things he had never heard of, describing a state of affairs that never had existed. He had seen many aspects of the war. He knew that it had its commercial side. But that its grisly remains should be sold, in peeps, at a franc a time, like a mixture of Pepper's ghost and the morgue, had never occurred to him. He glared at the hucksters, waiters, *mutilés*, and cheap jacks. They regarded him unmoved, and went on selling their faked products of the "Battle of Ypres" to those who knew no better. He longed

to seize one of the megaphones he saw so freely used and shout: "There never was a battle here. This place was never within bullet-range of the trenches." But he restrained himself. They wouldn't believe him. They didn't know. Those who did know were mostly dead. These people were buying for pleasure, and selling for their living. Incidentally some of the money that was changing hands would go to rebuild the place he had seen so cruelly destroyed. That was right enough. Why shouldn't it be so? He was there for his own private reasons—the chief of which was that he couldn't keep away. And besides he had no need to buy. He knew where the real thing was. And, shouldering his way through the crush, he made for the ramparts, beyond which lay the actual trenches of the longest and most intense battle of the war. He knew them better than the streets of Ypres, had held at one or another time, every yard of them. Where should he go—to some spot that he could identify and have to himself? He soon thought of it—Kruystraat on the map, Hell Fire Corner to him and his—the crossways of the insignificant hamlet that had never figured in any despatch, through which the reserve line used to run, and from which the ground sloped away rearward, as much as it ever sloped in that dank and dangerous corner they called the "salient." He would see the whole sector from there. It would not be much benefit, but it would be a sort of expiation. After that he would go home.

He was right enough. Once outside that celebrated gate, and on the newly-made-up road, the crowd dwindled and soon ceased. After a few hundred yards he had the place to himself, and walked a little uncertainly, looking at the patches of reclaimed land, amid the weed-covered acres of wastage still to be cleared, starting horribly at the explosions of the finds of the Salvage Corps, still at work, by the canal, destroying buried duds. With some difficulty he identified the spot and here he was. Any happier? Not a bit. There was nothing there. The trenches were gone, much of the ground cleared, a sign-post erected, and beyond it ran two lines of corrugated roofs, and match-boarded walls of the new village. That was all. What had he expected? Nothing. Well, he had found "nothing." He could go home now.

But before he did so he must stroll and think for a moment. He lit his pipe, and passed slowly down the reconstructed street. Mostly unrecognizable, he was able, by the gaps left, and by the lay of the land, to call up some vision of what the place had been like during the various stages at which he remembered it. At the end was the cross-road that gave the place its name. Here had been the front-line. He need go no farther. A wooden paling of the sort that surrounded plots that were claimed but not reoccupied, suited him to sit on, and there he ruminated on this little-known corner where he had so nearly left his bones, as many a better man had done—witness the cemetery a hundred yards farther on.

Years ago, studying architecture, he had had a nightmare of town-planning, a site which kept on chan-

ging as fast as he laid it out. Well, Kruystraat was the nightmare come true. When first he had come to France, he had met men who had billeted in the village, who remembered civilians living there. Then the line had been pushed back. Even so, he remembered the skeletons of houses lining the streets, when he first came up, new to the trenches. Here where he sat, there had been a bigger house, and the remains of a board, with some name on it. Dekonynck, Brasseur, he thought, but it had soon been broken up. He would have forgotten, had not young Mansfield made some silly joke about the name, so that, from his vague knowledge of Flemish, he had explained that it was the equivalent of Fitz Roy, in English, and that the fellow was a brewer. He smiled—and then jumped, as he had never jumped in the trench that used to run a few feet from him. His eye had been wandering over the half-reclaimed plot on the rails of which he was seated. At the back was a hut—ex-military stores—the kind of thing that people put up, and put up with, until they could rebuild their houses. Just in front of it stood an iron garden-chair—the sort that goes with "rustic" work, small greenhouses, middle-class leisure. That was what made Skene jump. That, undoubtedly was what he had come all this way to see. He knew that chair. It was the only thing he could recognize. Twisted, flaked, dented, chipped, scored with thousands of bullet and shrapnel marks, bleached livid with gas, it was the chair he remembered. Its seat was half gone, one leg was short, but there could be no doubt about it. It was the same chair. At last he had found something remaining over from those days. And, twisting round upon the fence, he sat and surveyed that surviving article of furniture.

He had first noticed it on that autumn evening of '15 when his battalion had taken over that sector. Having seen rations distributed, he had gone out to meet young Forrest, the Divisional R. E. who was to superintend the fatigues—digging drains for the water-logged gullies of trenches—for that night. He knew Forrest slightly, and they had gone together—just where he now sat—into the garden next the brewery, where such brickwork that remained screened them partially from sight by day, and machine-gun fire by night. Forrest had just been saying, "Well—make your chaps work. Because although I have to look after these ruddy trenches, I don't have to live in 'em you know!"

He had replied something, but Forrest exclaimed, "Dammit, that was a near 'un!"—bending down.

"What's up?"

"Sniper—cut through the band of my puttee!"

It was then that they had stumbled across the chair.

"Very convenient!" remarked Forrest and sat down to readjust his leg-wrappings.

Skene had wanted to say, "Don't sit there!" He had a curious aversion to using absent civilians' furniture, hated to see dugouts full of borrowed bedsteads, with looted pictures and mirrors and stoves all about. It had been silly, these things were bound to be smashed up or taken by some one. But the fact was,

he had been, he now supposed, a thorough civilian, hating the war and all its ways. However, he did not argue with Forrest. Nor had Forrest argued with him. After a minute or two, getting no reply to the next question, he had groped, by the flickering light of star-shells, across the tossed and broken space, and found Forrest lying beside the chair, shot through the spine.

It had been unpleasant, but too usual to make much impression, until his battalion was relieved, at the end of its turn, plus a day or two, by a Midland unit. The officer commanding the platoon that had taken over from his own was a keen pushing youngster from a back-country town, who referred to the enemy as "those coustomers," but was capable enough. As they finished going over the flimsy and dilapidated defenses, and checked the ever-depleted and renewed list of trench stores, the boy noticed the old iron chair, and before it was possible to prevent him, had walked across to it, asking:

"D'you include this—chairs, iron bottomed; officers, for the use of?"

"I shouldn't stand there," Skene had called to him, "I believe they've got it taped—"

But the boy was yawning, such a queer, high-pitched yawn, his arms drawn convulsively above his head. Then collapsing with three holes clean through heart and lungs and much blood. Skene had hastily called for a stretcher, cautioned the sergeant, and hurried after his own platoon.

It had been weeks before in the dreary infinitesimal shiftings of that part of the war, Skene had come back precisely to that sector. The old chair was much where he had left it, and in taking over from the company he was relieving, he had nodded toward it. "The boches can draw a bead on that?"

"Can they not?" had been the Scotch answer. "The Major fancied it for his dugout, but he'd no sooner got it there, than a six-inch lifted it out. Two killed. I'd not go near it, if I were you!" And so, through weeks and months, in and out of the same or neighboring trenches, he found that the chair had obtained a sort of malevolent notoriety, could hardly refrain himself sometimes, when foodless, sleepless or more than usually bombarded, from feeling as though the empty seat were occupied by a sinister presence.

Then, the Allies taking the initiative, he had moved far away, into other battle-fields, other jobs. But he had never quite forgotten that piece of furniture, would inquire of those who had been in front of Ypres, and more than once, he had been assured that it was still to be seen. Gradually it appeared to acquire a dark reputation. The war was changing, the army also. Those who, like sailors, live in continual danger of their lives become—superstitious? Well, say fanciful. The great volunteer army of Britain became like that. The chair at Hell Fire Corner got a name like the stables at Hooge, or the mill at Laffaux, a grim association with innumerable death, and years of hopeless efforts. Then the later and more frantic offensives rolled farther afield, and he had forgotten it, and now here it was!

Nonsense. He had let his pipe out, standing there, wool-gathering. The

explanation was clear enough. The chair was just exactly too small for a direct hit by big shells, too big to be destroyed by small ones, too heavy to be carted away by infantry. Naturally it had remained where it was, and now the owners would get it back. Who had better right? They must have suffered enough, poor devils, having their homes destroyed. That would take a lot of "reparations." Yet, having reached this conclusion he lingered on and on with a feeling that he had something yet to know before he left Hell Fire Corner.

And sure enough, he heard behind him the sound of wheels, and at the very palings where he stood, there drew up a little old—"shay" he would have called it—drawn by a white pony. From this descended a round, clean-shaved old man, with that particular certainty of expression only to be found in countries where large sections of the population are peasants and priests. Hitching the reins over the gate-post, this person undid the padlock, entered the inclosure, and moving slowly but confidently across, seated himself in the chair, and proceeded to fill and light a long-stemmed pipe. It was not until he had done so, that he perceived Skene, who had remained rooted to the spot. To him, the presence he had always associated with the chair had materialized. This conversation ensued:

"Good day, sir!" from the old man.

"Good day!"

"It's beautiful weather!"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner!"

"Yes!" Skene blushed slightly.

"A *touriste?*"

That he could not stand. "I came back to see this place!" he said lamely.

"How? You have traveled here?"

"I was here in the war!"

"Ah, that!" The old man considered a moment, some thought which seemed very remote, and went on: "What a misfortune! I had a beautiful brewery here!"

"Yes!" Skene felt compunctious. He had carted away the old chap's bricks, burnt his woodwork as kindling, dug up his land for trenches. He could only think of: "But now it is over, you will be able to start again!"

To his astonishment the old man shook his head.

"I shall not bother!" And at Skene's incredulous look he explained: "A brewery, it is never a bad job. When the English came it was even a very fine business. They are great drinkers. I sold all I could brew, and even drew my well dry, in making it. But I saw it could not last. The German, you see, is pertinacious. I said to myself, 'Let them fight. I will leave them to it.' I took my money. I went south and set up in munitions. It was even better than brewing. You used plenty of munitions, you others!"

"Yes!" Skene was seeing Forrest, lying by the iron chair; but it was only the shadow on the ground. The old man grew philosophic.

"It is like that, the human race. I know. I remember 1870. There are two ages of man, the active and the discreet. I am of the last!" He yawned, raising his hand above his head. On the wall of the shed, in shadow, Skene saw the midland boy raise his hands, heard his gurgling

cry. No, it was the old pony, snaffling.

"You think you did something, you others, by fighting. I know better. It will all be put straight and forgotten. You feel satisfied no doubt!"

"Most of us are dead!" Skene answered, and turned away. The words "It is quite natural!" followed him, as he strode toward Ypres.

The little old Flemish town, half rebuilt, and ever shapely, glowed in the sinking sun. But to Skene every spot of shadow was a little old man, seated and complacent, in a chair. They dotted the canal bank, the road and railway, with the eye of vision he could see them dotting the continent, the neutral countries, the Americas. They had won. They had come to sit and philosophize. They were right. The active age—the youth of Europe—had gone teeming past them, never so thickly anywhere as in this salient of Ypres. There, from Roulers, all the youth of Germany, from Poperinghe, all that of Britain and its Allies, had met in a frenzy of heat and endeavor. To allow them to do so, the little old men had shifted their seats, gone off with the money, set up in munitions. The Age of Youth had canceled itself out. The Age of Discretion had waited while the flurry echoed away to death, and then came back to claim its reparations, its little bit of land, and to expand its philosophy. Why had he ever pitied them? Now that he reflected, it was they, the little old men, each sitting in his chair, on his bit of money or land, in his *chancellerie*, his bureau, his office, who made wars. Not youth. When had he, Skene, quarreled with a German, a Frenchman, or any other youth he had met? Youth was too generous, too busy, had no property to protect, no philosophy to justify.

The war was over, youth was gone. He had learned his lesson. He would not come there again. He would have no need. He knew now what had haunted that piece of garden furniture during all those nights of feverish energy. An old man sitting in a chair!

# Unknown America

*Our Ignorance Concerning Our Countrymen Is Appalling*

Lewis F. Carr

Apparently, we do not know our America. Perhaps nobody does. Any casual conceits we may have entertained about our own knowledge on the subject have been punctured by Bernard Shaw's statement that Americans simply do not know their own land. Shaw contends that only a foreigner, viewing the country objectively, can really know America; he then clinches his point by demonstrating how well he doesn't know this country! Many critics agree that he would never have written his latest book as he did, if he had known and understood us fully. The question arises: Who, if anybody, really knows these United States?

I do not claim to. But the existence of a certain kind of ignorance about America has been impressing itself upon me for some time. After many years in the hinterlands of this country, in the rural districts along the backroads, I have come to dwell among your sky-scrapers. And though I remember that my country friends had rather quaint and queer ideas about you city people, I find that you have just as hazy notions about them. We of the country are almost as numerous as you of the cities. Yet I find that you leave us largely out of the picture. You do not know us; yet you presume to speak for America. You make statements that may be true as regards your half of this nation; but they appear quite questionable with respect to the other half.

Your position is of course understandable. You have lived in an environment of progress and well-being; you assume that environment for the whole of America. You travel from New York to Chicago or St. Louis; you see a countryside sleek with prosperous farms and dotted with prosperous cities. You take it as a matter of course that the rest of America is like that which you see.

But it isn't. It's so different that neither I nor anybody else—I verily believe—can tell you the extent of that difference. Perhaps you cannot be told. Possibly the feat is psychologically impossible. If conceptions do not exist in the mind to match the words the ear hears or the eye reads, very possibly those words must remain meaningless. We of the land use the same words that you use, speak a similar language. True; but our talk is based on the facts of a different environment—an environment which you do not understand and which apparently can be learned only by experience. If we speak, for example, of hiring a

good cook for three dollars a week, or of contracting with a good seamstress to make children's dresses for the sum of thirty cents each, you may assume, as my friends do, that there's an error some place, typographical, oral or mental; you will gravitate toward the conclusion that somebody's crazy. Most of you will pass on to the consideration of more intelligible facts in your experience.

Yet withal there still may be some hope of understanding each other. Starting at one definite point which is probably in your experience, you may remember the character of *Mrs. Cagle* in the recent play, "Sun Up." She, at least, was different from your idea of existing American women. A woman of the mountain people of the Southern Appalachians, she was essentially a seventeenth-century person, though living in the twentieth. She and her people used Elizabethan word forms. Her conceptions were equally archaic. The law to her was something that killed her men-folks or deprived them of their lawful means of livelihood, moonshining. The greatest distance imaginable to her was "forty miles beyond Asheville." All enemies were to her "Yankees," and any one who came from farther than ten miles away from her cabin was a "furriner."

*Mrs. Cagle* was part of our unknown America, a part aptly portrayed. Yet I wonder if she was able actually to tell the rest of America anything of her people, to connote to you the facts and conditions of her environment. I doubt it. I had occasion to study several audiences at various performances of the play. These people liked the play exceedingly, were enthusiastic about it. It had entertained, amused, thrilled them—all it was supposed to do. But the situation reminded me of a lecture on the beauties of the sunset before a group of blind people. They heard the words, but they did not see the whole picture. *Mrs. Cagle* was to them a mere fictional character. She was this of course; but she was also true fiction. She was taken from life. Her part was that of a contemporary American, a fact which the audience did not seem to grasp at all. She was the wife, portrayed in the flesh, of another person you may remember, the Forgotten Man, delineated by Walter Hines Page. And the number of Mrs. Cagles and Forgotten Men in progressive, rich, educated America to-day is appalling. Until we know them and their conditions, we cannot be said to know America.

These Forgotten Women exist not only in the Big Smokies, but almost throughout America. E. C. Branson, of the University of North Carolina, has followed the trail further. He tells us there are nearly half a million replicas of *Mrs. Cagle* in this country to-day—poor, ignorant, native-born, white women, "thin and wrinkled in youth from ill-prepared food, clad without warmth or grace, living in untidy houses, working from daylight to bedtime . . . the mothers of joyless children, worn-out by excessive child-bearing, and encrusted in a shell of dull content with their lot in life."

He tells us there are 1200 in Aroostook County, Maine, 1400 in Clinton and Franklin counties, New York, 2000 in Berks, Lancaster and York counties, Pennsylvania, 3600 in Wis-

consin, many in Michigan, Ohio, Missouri, 44,000 and 43,000 in North Carolina and Kentucky, respectively, and so on. These poor women make up America too. The facts and conditions of their existence are largely unknown to the rest of America. And they make up the smallest class that I would mention as being unknown to the urban population.

More appalling is the larger class of illiterates of which the Forgotten Woman is but a part. Our national percentage of illiteracy is six per cent. This is higher than in nine other nations of the world! Applied to the 1927 estimates of population over ten years of age, we find that we have about six million Americans who cannot read or write. The number runs over eighteen per cent in some of our States, higher than among twenty other nations of the world. The percentage of illiteracy even *among native-born white people* in some of our States runs over eight per cent, higher than the national percentage in seventeen other nations of the world.

The fact of illiteracy must be reckoned with in the hinterlands. There, you may not assume as in the city that every one can read and write. Other assumptions are equally dangerous. That rather bright-looking boy over yonder may be able to read and write. But you will probably find on experiment that he draws his letters and figures in the slow painful way of a first-grader drawing the picture of a dog. If you settle in that section, you may have to send elsewhere—as I did—for competent office personnel.

As an illustrative experience: I once sold six car-loads of cattle to a cow-man at so much a head. He was fairly well dressed—gold watch and chain—well spoken of and well spoken; and he knew his business. Together we made the count of the cattle. Then I asked him to compute the gross amount, check it with my figures and write his check. Imagine my surprise—the man could neither read nor write, though he could count cattle going through a gate. I did the figuring; I wrote the check; I signed his name; he made his cross mark. The amount was about eight thousand dollars.

So, when you look at a map, do not assume that those great areas that you have not traversed are like the America that you know. For probably they aren't. That one county that happens to catch your eye because of its peculiar name probably isn't at all like the county just outside your city. It may have a population that is sixty per cent illiterate! And the remainder—though able to read and write—may be so ignorant and benighted, excepting the few professional men, that they would not seem like modern Americans at all. Such counties do exist in America, like transplanted areas of the dark continents.

Perhaps you have had a glimpse of the conditions I am talking about. You may have seen from your Pullman window some pitiably poor shacks, and in the field, two bull yearlings with their tails tied together yoked to a piece of a plow—or perhaps a single steer hitched to a primitive cart. You may have wondered—and rightly. For though oxen are not to be despised for certain tasks—I have owned as many

as six yoke—still the use of them for general farm purposes as pictured above connotes, to me at least, a whole set of circumstances and conditions that I find are inconceivable to most of my urban friends. The family living in that shack is probably totally illiterate, is probably suffering from two, three, four or even five serious diseases, is living in dirt and squalor, has no idea of sanitation and finally presents a challenge to the statements that have been issuing for the past several years from this nation's leaders of thought.

It has been rather the fashion of late among certain economists and business men to prophesy that within five years we shall have an America without poverty, without illiteracy and with a minimum of disease. It has also been the fashion—I regret to say—among certain medical authorities and foundations to represent to the American people that certain diseases have been controlled and eradicated. These general "blurbs" about America, made by urban leaders of thought, may be true as regards the urban population. But as regards the rest of America, I for one hold them to be largely unacceptable, generally misleading and in some cases wholly untrue.

I take it that these prophecies and statements—if they mean anything at all—mean that the makers of them are so imbued with the philosophy and religion of modern Americanism that they believe that this cult of progress, intelligence and confidence—so well typified by our cities—can be extended throughout the rest of America within five years. I do not believe it can. There is too much territory to cover, too much distance to travel, too large a void to fill, too many obstacles to overcome and too much lack of knowledge on the part of those who would spread this gospel and who now prophesy its early general acceptance.

Let us consider for a moment a few of the attributes that we associate with the word "Americanism." The word progress will probably suggest itself to our minds first. America is progressive, especially in the matter of efficiency. She is apt at engineering things, so that one man can do the work of from two to fifty. Yet on forty per cent of our farms, according to estimates of authorities, one man is doing the work of only one man, or of one man and a fraction. In many sections, in New England, in parts of Wisconsin, Michigan, in sections even of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and in the border States and in the South, you will still see one man plowing one horse after the fashion of one hundred and fifty years ago. Sometimes you will see one man plowing and another leading, as Poor Richard described—that is, two men doing the work of one. In the more progressive sections, of course, you see one man plowing with four or more horses or a tractor; but this does not erase the fact of the one-horse farmer.

This one-horse farming has serious consequences. There is a farm population of about thirty million, and a village population of about eight million, dependent directly on the farm. Of this thirty-eight million, about forty per cent, or fifteen million people are depending on this archaic, one-horse farming. The

actual wages of such labor cannot be higher than thirty-five or forty cents a day; by actual survey such wages have been found to approximate twenty cents a day. It is in sections where such farming exists that one can hire good cooks for three dollars a week and get very pretty little dresses for the children made for thirty cents each.

It is in such sections too that the maximum salary of school-teachers ranges around sixty-five dollars a month, paid generally in county vouchers or warrants maturing usually in two or three years, but which can be discounted only with difficulty. Often, in such sections there is only one small bank to a county or trade area, a bank with a capital of about ten thousand dollars. Such banks usually do not have the money to discount these teachers' warrants. And if they do, the rate is high, from eight to twelve per cent. The result is that only those of minimum qualifications are attracted to the teaching profession.

As an illustration of these meager qualifications: I lately asked the principal of such a school what mischief certain rowdy boys had done. "Well," he said, "I don't think they done much. They throwed some bricks at the door. . ." A principal of an American school, teaching English "as she is spoke" to young Americans!

Associated with the word "Americanism," is the idea of material well-being. But this condition does not hold in general for the rural population, though it does in certain favored sections—in most of the Corn Belt, for example, in the Blue Grass, in the Mississippi delta lands, the black lands of Texas, and to a lesser degree in those of Alabama, in parts of the West and the Coast, and so on. Outside of these sections, the great majority of our farmers are on a standard of living far below that which you would consider as a satisfactory American standard.

It has been stated that forty dollars a week—or $2,080 a year is about the minimum income which will support a family on an American standard of living to-day. In contrast to this, the National Industrial Conference Board found that our average farm operator receives his house rent and part of his living from the farm and has only the meager sum of $170 a year left over for other living expenses. Under any construction this must be taken to indicate a great difference in the standards of living of farm and city dwellers.

A few years ago, Branson and Dickey, of the University of North Carolina, made an exhaustive study of conditions in three agricultural counties. A reported decrease in the number of farmer-owners and an increase in the number of renters and croppers occasioned the investigation. They found that the average renter lived on a family income of about $250 a year, the cropper family on about $150. There are probably about ten million of such people throughout this country, people who do not own their homes, who make no property return whatever, who seldom see newspapers or magazines and who almost never read books. The investigation showed that not even a Bible was to be found in many of these homes.

It is of these people in one section that Herman Steen wrote lately: "For 60 years, poverty and distress and misery have stalked across the plantations of Dixie, and a dozen States are blinded by illiteracy. Every year, 1,000,000 children are robbed of their birthright of school and opportunity. . . . The standard of living . . . is the lowest of any class of farmers in the United States."

And in 1918, at the beginning of the last year of the war, George Pattullo wrote: "We are beset continually by wails from our sob-sisters, both male and female, relative to Europe and her starving millions. The truth is that there is no more distress, hardship and privation among the people of Europe, *in spite of war and every attendant horror* than is suffered annually by the poor cotton-farmers in the United States."

These statements are not exaggerations. I have lived among the people described above—within the past year and a half. I have spent a month among them within the past six months. And I know that their condition as set forth by Steen is not overstated. I have tried at various times to describe to my urban friends something of these people, without much success at making myself understood. My friends in your half of America do not seem to be aware of these people or to be able to comprehend anything of the facts and conditions of their existence or to understand any of the causes which are responsible.

Another vast difference between the America that you know and that which I know is apparent in the study of land values. You urban people assume as a matter of course that all land values in America naturally increase. But that is not true when you venture into the other half of America, as many have found to their sorrow.

A certain friend of mine tells of an out-of-the-way corner in the outskirts of my town that sold five years ago for $8,000. The loan company would not advance more than $6,000 at that time. Six months ago, that property sold for $30,000, and the loan company advanced $25,000. To-day, the corner is held at $38,000. This is exceptional, but advances of this kind seem to lie more or less in the natural course of things in America.

But across the street from my window, is the office of a firm of lawyers. Twenty-five years ago they put some of their investment funds in farm lands. Have they ever gotten their money out? No. Can they get to-day what they paid for their land? No. They could have without doubt if they had invested in farm lands in the favored sections mentioned before. But they put their money in farm lands in average sections. And they lost. Land values increase only to a limited extent—and more often not at all—in the half of America that I know best. If you doubt it, look up the records of almost any abandoned farm in a section untouched by industrial development, find out what it has sold for, then ask what it can be bought for to-day.

And you—my urban friends—assume as a matter of course that the bank you do business with will always be in business and will always be able to lend you money on a record of earnings. But we of the

farm persuasion do not assume anything of the kind. Such an assumption, in our half of America, wouldn't be justified. We've had experiences—such as my own. I had a bank "bust right in my face" one day. With country bank failure increased some 550 per cent over the normal in the past eight years, and with farm bankruptcies increased one thousand per cent over the normal in the same time (while the rate among industrial concerns remained normal) we cannot share with you your confidence in financial institutions; or in commercial ventures. In our part of the world commercial ventures do not succeed very well. We have seen too many saw-mills, heading-mills and country merchants fail. And this is why we seem so slow and stupid when you come to us talking investment. The wisest among us put our dollars in the safest place imaginable and no promises of profit can pull them out.

The real point I am making is that there is a tremendous difference between the economic life of our world and that of yours. In my experience in farming in four States, and in my study of farming conditions in as many more, I have known only one man to get rich out of farming, "eight-cylinder rich" I mean, able to live in a "residence" with servants, to send his boys to college without stinting, and so on. One other runs a poor second. But, in your half of America, it seems that every whipper-snapper one knew yesterday is rich to-day.

Drawing illustrations from my acquaintance: In a little farming village where I lived for several years, the richest man was worth perhaps thirty thousand dollars. He was of Scotch name, and Scotch ancestry, a shrewd, able, hard-working business man. But his ability if it had been applied in your half of America would have netted him much more. Again—a few doors down the street from where I write is a department store doing a business of over twenty-five million dollars a year. It was started by a local man, now a millionaire. In contrast, I would mention a merchant friend of mine in the Northwest. He too was a good merchandizer. He ran a good store and for a while made money. His investment funds he put in land, in bank-stocks and in city property. The land went down in price, the banks failed, the cities didn't progress. To-day, he is bankrupt. Others like him have done slightly better, others worse. But none has been able to approach the success that the owner of the store across the street—the man who lives in your half of America—has attained.

This difference I am speaking of is expressed aptly in the vernacular of the day. In your half of America a ten dollar bill is hardly more than "chicken-feed"; in our half, it often seems "bigger than all outdoors and then some."

And you assume something else that we do not take as a matter of course, except in the more favored sections. You assume health. We do not. We are troubled with strange maladies which you know not of. You probably think of "chills and fever" as something that affected your great-grandfather, possibly, but not as a disease which menaces you. It menaces us. I have before me a morbidity report for this Corn Belt

State, a report that is admittedly incomplete. Yet it shows the existence of malaria here. My urban friends do not realize it, but down in the southwestern part of this State, chills and fever still exist. In that section, so the cattle-buyers tell me, people still live in log houses, drink from open shallow wells and take no precaution about stagnant water. (And if you become sick down there, you can get a complete physical examination by a registered and reputable physician for only fifty cents!)

Morbidity statistics for the nation are likewise incomplete. An adequate idea is obtained only from estimates. I have heard it claimed that there are ten million people suffering from malaria in this country; and I think such a figure is reasonable. Malaria has been characterized as "the most destructive disease known to the human race." Its ravages in the United States are not understood. As a side-light: of the six men with whom I was associated most closely in a certain section, three are now dead. They died in their early thirties, two of acute malaria, one of complications with malaria. As I have had malaria, I have had occasion to observe something of it.

And then hookworm! Its existence is denied in many localities, denied as existing in America. But such denial seems to me absolutely false. In 1910, certain responsible authorities estimated that from twenty to fifty per cent of the populations of various States were suffering from hookworm. How then can its existence be denied, when in many sections of those States, almost no work has been done to eradicate it? During 1924, 1925 and 1926, I was manager of a plantation. I needed tenants and I learned from experience something about selecting them. I learned to recognize—and to shun—the hookworm sufferer. I should say that about thirty per cent of the applicants were sufferers. A local doctor helped me in my diagnosis of the human factor. Here were people more hopelessly degraded than any I had ever met before, poor beyond description, shiftless, hopeless, unkempt, and yet withal rather well-spoken and coming from good original stock. They were reduced to a condition so low that I could hardly describe it to you. And if I could, you would probably not understand. They were miserably sick, and yet they were so ignorant that they did not even know they were sick. Many of them could read and write after a fashion. But they were hopelessly ignorant just the same. Their condition could be explained only on the ground of serious physical derangement.

Hookworm is not conquered. It is not eradicated. When we realize that by actual examination, infestation was found to extend to from fifteen to eighty per cent of the population in certain sections, we must conclude that the disease could not have been eradicated without a tremendous campaign. If such had been carried on, we would have heard more about it.

And then pellagra and malnutrition. The people of the hinterlands suffer from these conditions. Dwelling in the midst of a garden of plenty, our farmers too often "live out of a tin can and a paper sack." Especially is this true in sections devoted to one-crop farming. In one farming section where I lived it was almost

impossible to buy fruits and vegetables, or milk and eggs. A dieting millionaire would have starved to death. Why? Because that section had grown nothing for the past century but a single crop. That crop was the only crop they knew and the only one they wanted to know. And it wasn't edible. Their food was "store-bought" stuff, and they suffered from that fact. Our prophets of Americanism who would reduce disease in America to a minimum in five years must contemplate a vast campaign of education in dietetics.

Other diseases plague us too; but they are familiar to you and you understand them. However, the existence of the three I have mentioned seems generally overlooked in most statements about America.

Finally, I would mention certain surveys and studies that have been made by responsible people in regard to the agricultural systems of whole sections of America. It has been proved beyond question that certain types of our agriculture, practised by millions of people, do not pay at all. The sections following these systems manage to exist only through the sale of natural resources, timber, turpentine, oil, clays, the products of quarries, and the like, and by day-labor in other lines. Our prophets who would give us an America without poverty must devise in the short space of five years profitable systems of agriculture for those sections; and what is more difficult they must get the systems they devise adopted by the people.

So you see that all these things combined give us of the hinterlands a slightly different conception of America than yours, an America that can hardly accept the statements that your leaders of thought are making. What few ten dollar bills we have still appear large to us, and we intend to hold on to them. At the end of five years, we don't expect to find money growing on trees, or that our doctors will have gone out of business. In case we succeed in a personal way according to our hopes, we shan't look forward to a country-club existence, punctuated by trips on yachts and so on, but to the modest home of the retired farmer. Our conception of things is different. In fact, almost all our thoughts about life are different from yours, except perhaps our thoughts on the subject of patriotism. We admit that we don't know very much about you and we find that you don't really know very much about us. For this reason, we have to grant the truth of the term, "Unknown America."

# Almost Anything Might Happen

## *And It Did, Including the Front Tooth*

Margueritte Harmon Bro

"Almost anything" happened to me when I wanted to come home from China a few months ago. I had been there six years. Of course I was not tired of China. But China seemed very restless and that made me restless. Also I had three children whom their grandfather had never seen, and it seemed wise to come home before the oldest one lost his first teeth. The child has freckles and I did so dread his grandfather's seeing him with teeth out. His grandfather may or may not have a "will," but front teeth sometimes make such a difference. I seemed to have an obsession about getting home before he lost a front tooth. If you have ever lived six years in the interior of China you can understand this matter of obsessions. You get them over almost anything. I know a woman who came clear home because her husband lisped. She never noticed he lisped when they lived in this country; but you notice things like that when you have lived virtually alone for a few years in the middle of China. I think it is caused by the Chinese National Air. The Chinese National Air is not played; it is sprayed. On the gardens. So I thought I would leave before the tooth did.

I went to make a farewell call on one of my American neighbors. There were twelve Americans where I lived, besides the children. One does not count children in an American community in China because the number is not static. There are no apartment houses in our part of China and nurses are so plentiful that there seems no reason why the population of our community should not increase as rapidly as—it does. The city where I live is called Chenchowfu. It is called that in this magazine. I would not offer it the indignity of writing its real name in the vernacular. It is a city of seventy thousand souls. Children under twelve are not popularly credited with souls in China. It is a very conservative city. Some Chinese cities pride themselves on being *kai tong* or "open-through," which means "up-to-date." But not Chenchowfu. Chenchowfu prides itself upon being very, very much behind the date. Many of the most famous crooks of China have come from our city. Some are now living in and around Peking to furnish names for the front pages of newspapers in this country.

Our city was very much wrought up over the advance of the Nationalist army. They were still many hundreds of miles from us; but an

automobile road was under construction from our city to the nearest railway, and an auto truck had come within thirty miles of us. Change was in the air. Within and without the city walls everything seemed to run along as usual; merchants sold their goods in the customary manner; farmers raised little patches of wheat and rice and large patches of opium; the women were busy getting ready for funerals and weddings and having babies; outwardly everything ran along in the familiar groove of the ages. But a hushed and vibrant expectancy was in the air. Something ominous and uncertain and scarcely discernible.

The country was already full of school strikes. School strikes are very powerful agencies in China. I can explain the matter, but not in a few words. My friend's husband had charge of a school, a Senior High School for boys. They hoped and we all hoped the strike would pass our city by. I went to call on my friend. Her gateman said she was at the school. I entered the school gate. Everything was perfectly quiet in the school-yard, but the broad walk leading to the main building was strewn with sheets of paper—pages of books. I gasped. In China the printed word is sacred and one seldom finds even tiny bits of paper on the streets. I looked closely and found I was walking over piles of torn Bibles. I am not superstitious but one who has had clergymen in the family for four generations does not walk lightly over Bibles. I detoured. I figured that the strike must have come to our city. It was concerned with putting Christians and foreigners in their proper place. I was both.

My husband was sick. Six weeks previously his heart had gone bad. Gone bad at a very inopportune moment and the doctors had put him to bed without letting him take one last look at his business. Nor would they let him talk with any of his assistants; except his wife. Wives are very useful in China. And you know, if you live in China it is queer how attached you become to the company for which you work. If trouble comes and you are an oil man you feel a personal responsibility to John D. It is just as though he would miss his morning golf if he felt you had not protected his interests even at the risk of the lives of a hundred coolies—and your own. In fact you forget about your own. The game is the thing. Something like football or chess, I think, though I never played them. So I became a business woman, and in the Chinese language. I have an ear for languages fortunately. I can imitate almost anything. It came from living in an apartment under a man who was learning to play a piccolo. I was getting our business ready to turn over to Chinese assistants when the doctors decided it would be well for my husband to catch the next boat for America. There is no ice in our city, nor electric fans, nor other little things that a sick man misses.

I pass lightly over the next week. I pass lightly over it because a lot of it has faded from my memory. Lack of sleep does that to me. I know I packed in the middle of the nights; I know I had seven tailors and sewing women in my dining-room making something in which the children might appear in public. I remember

the strike came all right and tied up the city. I remember hearing my Chinese friends called "foreign dogs" because they dared to come to see me. I remember making a trip to the *yamen* (the residence of our chief official) when the tension in the city was so high that the Chinese man who accompanied me feared for his life. I remember being weighed down by the fact that a city which had been so friendly to us should so suddenly turn against us. Of course it was mob psychology asserting itself, but one is not happy in being the point against which mob psychology asserts itself. The people were feeling pretty sore toward the British and from our outside appearance the common people could not tell the difference between a Britisher and an American.

We put my husband on a stretcher and the rest of us in sedan-chairs and one early morning we went out of the city gates to the river. In our haste our gardener had only been able to procure for us a very small boat. It was so small that our trunks and boxes and *koris* would not go into the bottom of it. So we quickly hired another and even smaller boat to carry the luggage and trail along behind like a postscript. We did everything quickly that morning. It was better so.

In the back of our boat was a tiny room, three feet by six, where our boatmen slept and cooked. In the front was a tiny prow where the servants slept and cooked. In between them, in a space little larger than a double bed, were the rest of us. The thatched roof of the boat was so low that we had just room to sit up; even the children could not stand. Did I say we have three children? Five years, three, and one and a half. And my husband had to be kept flat on his back. In that space we cooked and ate and slept. We slept in a queer geometric figure, sort of a star-shaped cone. We were shrouded in mosquito-nets. But mosquito-nets cannot keep out all living, creeping, hopping things. Our very early insectean ancestors accompanied us on that trip. We felt the ties of blood particularly at night. I am a great believer in evolution; mostly because a man I detest opposes it, which shows the force of personality even in evolution. Evolution is all right, as all these denominational conventions have been proving, but in China I often wish we could quit "evoluting" and let the arthropod forms of life die out.

We lived two days in our cozy state-room. I mean it was cozy if you stood outside looking in. And I mean cozy in the sense of being closely crowded together; the same sense in which one speaks of artists' studios being cozy. Then we reached the mouth of the river and were pulled over the mud-flats by eight water-buffaloes. If you and your sick husband and three children have never been pulled across slippery, slimy mud by water-buffalo you have unfortunately missed a sensation. After that we spent a night tied up to the shore. I went out to walk up and down the bank a few minutes, but the villagers were very curious about a foreign woman, not to mention the curiosity of the dogs. If there are four hundred and fifty million people in China there are at least an even nine hundred million dogs, all large, all skinny. And many

of them were there that night. Somehow I did not feel that the curiosity of the villagers and dogs was a friendly curiosity. I crawled back into the boat and made tea for my husband. It was a hot night.

The next morning our postscript boat with baggage caught up to us. We found the head boatman to be an old man who claimed to be past ninety. I do not think he over-rated his age. And he had rheumatism. His crew was his great-grandson; I judged from his appearance that he probably had hookworm and a few little things like that. So we parted with our faithful gardener and he gave us his sacred promise that our luggage would some day reach us. He is a typical Chinese servant; I would trust him anywhere. He would not have hesitated to pole that boat across the Pacific if he felt my husband was waiting for his trunks.

Then we had to cross Hu Lake. It is a large lake; as large as Salt Lake in Utah and very, very shallow. They told me the average depth is eleven feet. It is one of the most treacherous lakes in China for when heavy storms come up the wind literally blows the waves off the bottom of the lake and boats are caught in the trough and overturned. It was a windy morning when we started out. The boatmen were much averse to crossing, but I was much averse to keeping my husband where he was. The servants were violently seasick as all Chinese servants, as far as I have been able to ascertain, always are. But eventually we reached the other side of the lake as you may have guessed.

And there we had two cabins on a launch. They were connected and each cabin was six feet square. A launch cabin is furnished with a board bunk on each of the two walls and a narrow passageway between. In the passage one may stand erect. Each child had a life-sized stretch! To enter the cabin one crawls through a tiny door and comes down four steps. It is only a slight illustration of the dexterity of the Chinese people when I tell you they got my husband through that door and on to his bunk. I made some more tea.

After two more days we reached Wuhu, a large city on the Yangtze. A friend met us! It would be fitting to stop here to quote a few lines of poetry; a friend is a very lovely possession in China. However, he met us with the cheering news that the city was decidedly anti-foreign in its feeling and he had provided closed sedan-chairs and was thankful for the dark.

We spent a very happy day with our friend. In China when one speaks of breaking a journey with "a very happy day" that means that every one has had baths and all the clothes used on the trip have been boiled. My husband rested and the children stretched and wiggled. I walked in the garden where the Easter lilies were in bloom.

That evening we had word that all the big boats on the Yangtze were tied up by the strike. The Chinese crews refused either to work for or carry foreigners. There was one boat in the harbor about to pull out. If we missed that, we missed our boat to America.

It was just dark. We improvised a stretcher for my husband. And my

friend's servants quickly called their friends to pull our rickshas. The stretcher went first, our own cook walking close beside it. I came next in my ricksha. And then the *amah* with the baby, followed by the two little boys, and finally our friend. We were no sooner outside his gate than I could hear people calling, "There go the foreigners. Kill the foreigners." We hastened on, and the cries hastened with us. From house to house they passed. "Kill the foreigners." To me they would call, "Your husband is dying. He won't last till you reach the river. Neither will the rest of you." "Kill the foreigner." It looked sometimes as though their words were true. And I knew how they felt. If other countries owned forty-seven of my America's best cities, in whole or part, I should have moments when I would be very apt to cry, "Kill the foreigner." Fortunately the streets were very narrow. The crowd could not gather quickly in one spot. And the ricksha men ran for their lives. That is no figure of speech. Students intercepted our way a few times. They laid their hands on the ricksha men trying to stop them. But the runners were frantic. Once a student struck the little boys, though I had explained the situation to them, and they made no response. Several times it seemed as though we could not get through, but turning a sudden corner gave us a bit of clear road before the next crowd gathered. We went for five miles, and always the angry calling, "Kill the foreigner." "Your man is dead."

We reached the river bank lit by a few kerosene torches. I jumped out to see if by any chance my husband was in worse condition than I had supposed. I found that just as we had left our friend's home his servants had presented my husband with an armload of Easter lilies. These lay across his manly chest. The other day he mentioned to me that it is unique for a man to have had a five mile ride under the lilies and to have been able to hear the opinions of the bystanders.

The angry crowd gathered quickly, but not so quickly as we paid our ricksha coolies (for once we did not talk price!) and got into the tiny sampans which took us to the big river steamer. We reached the side of the steamer and the servants lifted the stretcher to take it up the steps. We were met by the captain—a white man—who called out, "No, sir, no sick man like that on this boat. We aren't carrying coffins and it is too damn hot. Take him back." The captain was a large man and determined. But you know about the female of the species! We went aboard and I guaranteed the captain that my husband would land in Shanghai alive. He was a perfectly good captain, only he was new on the Yangtze and he did not yet sense the prevailing spirit; he had mistaken the yelling for a wedding celebration.

At each port on the Yangtze we took on Americans and Britishers ordered out by their consuls. Each came on with his excited story, some humorous and some near-tragedies. When we got to Nanking, where some six hundred foreigners resided, we found the consuls had ordered all nationals off the streets. Only one white man was free to walk abroad —Dr. Macklin, who, in forty years in China had twice saved that great

city from being looted and burned. He went where and when he pleased and talked to whom he pleased. The people love him. But that was before Nanking fell into the hands of the red wing of the Nationalist army.

We reached Shanghai to find gunboats of all nations in port. And American marines on the pier. We crossed a bridge patrolled by British Tommies. The Annamese guarded the next street. And then the French, and the Belgians and the Japanese. And others with strange uniforms. At each intersection of the streets stood a six-foot Hindu armed with a rifle, pistols, long sword and saber. We reached our hotel quite safely.

That should be the end of the story. But it is not; for this is a true story and they do not always end at the climax. We put my husband in a large, old-fashioned, heavy iron bed. And I pushed it up nearer the windows. It fell apart, the full weight of it coming on my toes. That is adding insult to injury when a woman is hurrying home before her child's first tooth comes out. For two days I rushed around Shanghai in my husband's bedroom slipper. From steamship office to consul, from department store to wood carvers. We had to have trunks made to order in two days' time. And boxes repacked and endless shopping in such stores as still catered to foreigners. And finally we were all —children, husband, baggage and all—safely aboard our American boat. It was still hot. But no more tea. I sat down and took a drink of —ice water! "Oh, mother, look!" cried my eldest son, "I was just talking and my tooth fell out."

# The Road to Riches

*Shall We Educate for Twenty-Five—or Fifty*

Howard Vincent O'Brien

As my boy grows, I am beginning to wonder if there may not be a better educational system than the one of which I am a normal, if undistinguished, product. As a preliminary, I have been trying to define what I mean by "education," and with little success. The broad highway down which I have come stretches away before me, with ruts so deep and sign-posts so clearly marked, that confusion seems only perversity. And yet, I cannot satisfy myself that education is merely, in the words of one exquisitely printed prospectus, "to provide preparation for the best colleges and scientific schools."

Better, is the quaint phrase of the founder of another school who purposed "to regulate the tempers, enlarge the minds and form the Morals of the Youth committed to his care." And still closer to my ideas is the statement of a third that "the necessary elements in a liberal education are habits of accurate observation and inference, clear thought, and lucid expression."

But these schools understate their case. In none of them do I find mention of something even more valuable, namely, the contact they provide with financially useful companions. With the sheepskins of the better preparatory schools and universities goes a considerable market throughout the world for commodities and services. Their graduates have a password to the guarded circles of the Right People.

To pretend that in our competitive life this is not an advantage, or to disdain it, is foolish. That there are rich and powerful men of little formal education, and college graduates in all degrees of insolvency, does not alter the fact that acquaintance with power and riches is an asset readily convertible into cash.

It is perhaps unpleasant to admit that American life is crystallizing into classes, but it is. We now have a moneyed gentry, quite firmly established, its members bound together in a real if unconscious exclusiveness. They mingle socially and financially, linked to each other by bonds of marriage and corporate interest. They tend to choose their services, their lawyers, doctors, clergy and insurance brokers from within their own feudal groups; and while it is still possible for the outsider to penetrate, it grows increasingly difficult.

One may echo the Declaration of Independence, and quote Bobbie Burns with approval; but there are many men, the flower of our eco-

nomic oligarchy, who rarely stir from their group for either business or pleasure. They are not comfortable in intimacy with men whose ways are not theirs; and their judgments are colored quite amazingly by clothes, language and deportment.

The young of this class are usually segregated at an early age from dissident influences; and by the time they are through college, are immune to the heterodox, content to spend the rest of their lives with people of similar social ideals and status.

Presently, without doubt, we shall also become blood-conscious, since wherever human society solidifies economically, a hereditary aristocracy always develops. Meanwhile, we are democratic as regards antecedents, as the Social Register and the rosters of the most exclusive clubs plainly show.

It is still relatively easy for a young man to attain success—though it is as hard as it ever was for him to define what he means by it! If it be agreed, however, that it means a well-stuffed safety deposit vault, then beyond doubt the shortest route to it is identification at the earliest possible moment with the class that holds the golden keys. By that I do not mean snobbery. There is no need to be a sycophant. A poor boy can be friends with a rich boy just as easily as he can with another poor boy. It involves no sacrifice of self-respect. But his chances of ultimately being a rich man are demonstrably improved.

It is commonly said that there is no sentiment in business; though to the most superficial observation it is plain that it is full of it. That does not mean that men turn trade exclusively to their friends. It means merely that when we want anything we turn naturally to some one we know, with whose work we are familiar, and in whom we have confidence. Other things being equal, we prefer to do business with people who think and act as we do, and have the same social background.

There seems, therefore, no evading the fact that the best thing I can do for my boy is to send him away to the best preparatory school I can afford —"best" in the nicety of its compromise between "a lofty and earnest spirit in the student body," as one prospectus phrases it, and the Bradstreet rating of its parents, trustees and alumni.

And yet—I remain reluctant. I have been examining the catalogues of some of our best schools, and they leave me strangely cold. There is a reminiscent odor clinging to them. They are so appallingly similar to what they were when I went to school—and life has changed so much!

If education be the transfer, from one generation to another, of new truths and the exposure of old falsities, these excellently equipped institutions seem not to realize it. They seem content to pass on approximately what my elders gave to me—and much has happened since my lusty singing of:

"No more Latin, no more French!
No more sitting on a hardwood bench!
No more writing, no more books!
No more teachers' ugly looks!"

I am not complaining that they are not "practical." I am not of

those who believe that teaching double-entry bookkeeping is education; and I should be pessimistic of a civilization which put its trust in vocational training. I do not believe that it is the teacher's function to determine a pupil's way of life. He has done all that can be asked of him if he leads the young mind to a habit of logical and coherent thinking, if he encourages it, in the words of Professor Bakewell, to "take the next step."

If the youth is shown how to dig for facts, and to face what he unearths with unblinking serenity, however upsetting it may be to former convictions, it will then make little difference what occupation he takes up. The details of any trade, business or profession are relatively easy to acquire. As a great painter expressed it, "any fool can be taught to *paint*—it takes genius to *see*."

In my education, knowledge was wrapped up in separate packets, a few of which we were required to open and examine with some thoroughness. But there was no connection between the packets. To this day, I find it difficult to comprehend that the history of France and England synchronizes. That is true, I think, of most of my generation, and is one of the reasons why we have wars, why the unification of the human race proceeds so slowly.

My ancient rhetoric books commanded Unity, Coherence and Emphasis as the basis of good composition. But as I look back on my schooling, I see only a curiously irrational emphasis. Burke's stirring "Speech on Conciliation" was allowed to reach my mind only as a denatured exercise in syntax, and it was years before I discovered that Shakspere had written plays and not textbooks in English.

I wonder if the schools of to-day do differently.

I should prefer more Unity and Coherence in the schooling of my boy, leaving the Emphasis to maturity and his own tastes. Human knowledge has increased enormously, even in two decades, and emphasis is possible only at the price of ignorance. The first task of a school, nowadays, it seems to my entirely lay and uninformed mind, should be to present a general preliminary survey, a Cook's tour, if you like, of all life, beginning with the relation of the earth to the solar system, and concluding with an inquiry into the nature and divisions of matter—a process of orientation. I know how people suffer who have mislaid their sense of proportion, or never acquired one; and I knew one who was saved from suicide by the purchase of a telescope, another who emerged from melancholia clinging to a microscope.

I would not have this survey in relativity called "astronomy," or "physics," or any other name limiting or confining it. Since the wisest cannot say precisely where chemistry leaves off and biology begins, it seems rather foolish to encourage children to believe they can.

I should like an exposition of the little we know and the much we guess, of organic evolution, of which the history of the human race would properly be a part. For the major textbook, I should use the daily newspaper; and I should want the students to realize that what goes on under their windows is no less "evo-

lution" than what happened to the star-dust of the misty past.

Some one may protest that such a manifestly superficial schooling would lack a necessary discipline of the mind. But there would be a plenitude of *thinking*, a form of toil which many people now go through school and college without experiencing; and there would be mathematics, not merely the solution of small and dryly unrelated problems, but broadly taught, with the suggestion always subtly advanced that rhythm is the underlying principle of life, and that precision is the highest of human ideals, approximation the one unforgivable sin.

Such a treatment of mathematics would constitute a training in philosophy, and no one graduated in it would ever be capable—or at least *comfortably* capable—of merely "getting by."

Not much store would be set by formulas, or the cultivation of mnemonics, and the time now spent in memorizing geometrical progression and cube root, like the time now spent in memorizing dates and the names of people and places, would be devoted to better advantage in learning the use of a library.

Better than the inevitably temporary possession of a few facts, is the permanent knowledge of where and how facts are to be found.

I sympathize, somewhat, with those who advocate a reversion to the old simplicities of "readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic," except that I would waste no effort on writing. Handwriting is not an end but a means, and useful only to the degree of its legibility, wherein, at its best, it is inferior to printing. I would teach the use of the typewriter and the dictating machine, which, whether we like it or not, are increasingly our means of graphic expression.

Spelling should be taught in exactly the same way and in the same spirit as good manners—adherence to a convention which simplifies life. Faulty spelling and faulty grammar are no more indicative of a bad character than is eating peas with a knife: but they raise an unnecessary handicap, and indicate a lack of familiarity with prevailing customs.

My school would have a course in the use of the ordinary equipment of daily living. Pupils would learn how to sharpen knives, to replace fuses, adjust lawn-mowers, oil a carpet-sweeper, clean a gas-burner, replace a fuller-ball on a flush-tank, and so, to some degree, emancipate themselves from dependence on specialists, better occupied otherwise.

If it be objected that my emphasis has been upon material things, and that the soul of the adolescent craves most fervently the things of the spirit—which is unquestionably true—I would reply that if mathematics be taught not merely as systems of computation, but as a guiding principle, there would be little need for sermons in either morality or esthetics. Ethics is simply the scientific method applied to imponderables, and if the straight line which is the shortest distance between points be prolonged, it leads inevitably to beauty and to God.

Poets have always recognized that beauty is the synonym for truth; and

mathematics leads equally to the good life and the cultivated life. Art is a matter of proportion and harmony, with a geometry akin to Euclid's; and no mind schooled to precision can ever be attracted to the meretricious or the insincere.

If there has been no mention of Latin, which now engages so much attention in our best schools, it is because I can see no more reason for its presence in the curriculum of a modern school than I could see for Tagalog or Tamil—nor, I might add, for modern languages as they are commonly taught to-day.

But I shall not embark on that eternal and scholiastic controversy. Besides the effects of years of Latin and Greek upon myself, I can judge the so-called "classical" education only by its effects upon others; and I cannot see that the classically educated show any superiority in the use of written or spoken English, or in the thought for which it is the vehicle. I can, on the contrary, bring forth considerable proof that the study of Latin tends to numb the faculty for clear and succinct expression, and that it frequently makes a pundit of what would otherwise be a natural person.

I have had schoolmasters express guarded agreement, only to shrug their shoulders. After all, it is a futile argument, since one must pass examinations in Latin to enter some, at least, of our important colleges. Therefore—

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But I must confess, also, to the heresy of small enthusiasm for American colleges. Our industrialists would never tolerate machines that cost so much and did so little. They make a great noise, but they produce a worse than unfinished product. Designed to open the mind, they manage in many cases to close and hermetically seal it. It is astonishing how many college graduates there are into whose minds it would be impossible to inject a new idea without painful and perhaps fatal surgery.

Our colleges turn out men rather nicely polished, but like rice which has undergone a similar treatment, the most nutritious qualities have been removed. They acquire a sort of spiritual pellagra. They are intellectually muscle-bound, stubbornly intolerant, and when they have attained the "success" for which their training has fitted them, they are like voracious crustaceans of the sea, left gasping by a receding tide. They have finished minds, but empty ones. And when the need of "getting on" no longer presses, they have nothing to do—which I am sure cannot be denied, is the worst of all possible fates.

The more I consider this matter of my boy's education, and the more I look about me at the world, the more I wonder if his neatly prosperous adjustment at twenty-five is of as great importance as the possession of a full and interested mind at fifty and beyond. Science has given us a new problem. Before its great attack on disease, old age presented no problem, because people commonly died before they reached it. Now, I think, it is the greatest problem we have to face.

Here I stand at the cross-roads. I feel that I *ought* to send my boy away to school, and free him from my casual, inconsecutive, over-per-

sonal, and often, I fear, tedious influence. But I don't *want* to. I have no especial illusions about my value to him, but there persists a feeling that I can tell him some useful things that a professional schoolmaster has forgotten or never knew.

For that reason I lean to the day-school, and particularly the public school, because it is less bound to convention, and by its very nature has its eyes more closely on the life of to-day and to-morrow than on the life of yesterday. I incline to the belief that the young mind has more room for expansion in a public school than it has in a private school.

Despite all the shocking things said about it, I rather like the idea of coeducation. The best preparation for reality is—reality; and I think the semi-monastic life of a boarding-school may prepare for unreality and unhappiness. I wonder if a good deal of our notable divorce rate may not be attributable to the fact that so many of our young men and young women are brought up separately, and never succeed in being other than ignorant and deluded about each other?

At home, of course, there is the problem of idle time. There are the deleterious influences of the movies, the flask and the motor-car, from all of which the boy is removed in the healthful atmosphere of the boarding-school. On the other hand, I have a sentimental regard for the home which I have toiled so laboriously to create. Not all family life is desirable—some, alas, is about as healthful as a pest-house. But it does seem rather absurd to turn a boy over to the kindly, competent, but inevitably institutionalized "house-mother," when he has a perfectly good mother of his own.

There I stand, hesitant.

On the one hand is the public school, contact with interested if not interesting elders, and association with a varied strata of people—including the other sex—few of whom will play any important part in his after life.

On the other hand is the boarding-school, with an adaptation to the social and economic system in which he must live, and contacts of permanent and practical utility.

It is inescapably clear to me what will be best for him when he is twenty-five, and what will be most amusing to him from now until then. But it is not nearly so clear what will be best for him when he attains the frontiers of old age.

I find it difficult to choose.

# The Ride

*A Bold Start and an Unexpected Finish*

Inez Haynes Irwin

She was approaching the railroad. Very few, she knew, came on the late train; nevertheless ordinarily there was some flicker of arriving or departing life. Tonight however the place was deserted. She directed the car over to the platform and parked as far away as she could get from the grimy box that was the station building. A profound silence enveloped her. Half out of her seat, half over the wheel, like a bird alighting between flights, she turned static, waited for the train-whistle.

It did not come.

After an interval of this poised motion, she turned on the tiny light under the wind-shield; thrust an arc of wrist which held a minikin half-globe of watch, frosted with diamonds, into the tiny white glare. What she gathered from that glance relaxed her instantly. She was twenty minutes ahead of time—the drawing-room clock must have gone wrong again. For a moment she sagged over the wheel—waiting at this juncture was torture. After a few seconds of an impatient acquiescence she got out from the front seat and moved into the tonneau; drew herself far into a corner. Even through her fur, she felt the autumn cold. She pulled a rug so mufflingly about her that nothing showed above it but the white triangle of face; the lips pulling into strange crimson shapes as her thoughts swayed them; the eyes holding their gray against the ebon flood of the dilated pupils.

The silence continued to maintain itself. The irregular circle of cleared land about the station seemed a very bowl of quiet; and into it, from both directions of the long road, poured more quiet. A moon fumbled among clouds too heavy to handle; it did not emerge. A watery light served to make the distance visible.

Marcia Morris sank herself in the maelstrom of thought which lay just under the level of her resolution.

Ah! at last—sound. But not the train-whistle—the hum, as of a gigantic bee, of a distant car. The airy riffle floated against Marcia's consciousness, registered vaguely, then floated away. It came nearer and nearer.

Presently a station-wagon rattling at its highest speed, jarred to a stop. Marcia heard the smart spat of feet as a passenger jumped down; heard the feet run about the station building and return. "Nobody here!" a voice called. Her mind seemed to close for an interval. But suddenly it opened on clamor . . . two male voices . . . raised in altercation.

"I tell you, I can't!" came one, thin and a little nasal, but determined. "I gotta important date. I agreed to take you to the station and I've done it; I didn't know you meant the *North* Carfax Station."

"You're lying," the other returned, his voice cool but rasped with determination, "and you know you're lying. Do you think I'd a given you a five-spot to take me to the Carfax Station? There's something I gotta do to-night."

With one lobe of her brain Marcia listened. With the other, tingling now, yet calmed by resolution, she awaited the train-whistle.

The altercation grew, but Marcia still listened languidly. It became violent. Abuse . . . profanity . . . An epithet stirred Marcia's preoccupation. It occurred to her suddenly that she was a long way to the nearest house. The voices rose higher and higher, engaged in clashes that broke and destroyed words. Suddenly there came from one, "All right, if you won't go, I'll make you go!" And from the other, "You try it!"

Instantly the station-wagon started with a thunderous roar; backed.

Coming to a cautious upright, Marcia peered out. One of the men had leaped on the running-board of the fleeing station-wagon. Instantly a hand reached down from the driver's seat and knocked him on to the road. The station-wagon dashed in a furious haste ahead. For a moment, the man on the road ran after it. Then, as though struck by a vivid idea, he stopped short, turned in Marcia's direction—stared.

Marcia could not make out his face, but it struck her there was a sinister quality in the immobility of the slight, taut figure. She sank back in her corner. In another instant, feet came hurrying along the platform. Something about those footsteps, the click of certainty, the ring of determination, brought Marcia to an upright again. She threw the robe off; moved forward, ready to jump out. The footsteps came to the back of the car; then, resuming, coolly circled it; stopped. A peremptory hand snapped the door open. A man's head thrust in. A pair of eyes, blazing out of a shadowed face, surveyed her.

"Oh, it's a dame!" he commented. "I wasn't expecting that."

He leaped lightly into the front seat; supplely insinuated his body between the wheel and the cushions. "Sorry, lady, that I gotta do this. But I ain't got no choice in the matter. I gotta borrow this bus for a while. Oh, it's a Ropes-Rolland." His hands, expert as though they had built the car, instantly found their way among the controls. On the faintest of sighs, the car glided forward.

"What do you mean?" Marcia gasped. "Are you stealing my car?"

For an instant her companion did not speak—he was turning. Ahead, the long concrete tape of the north road stretched deserted.

The moon had made a lucky stumble into an area of sky clear as glass. As the man turned back to answer Marcia, the white shine dripped directly on his face.

He was young—not more than twenty-five, Marcia decided. He had a kind of rough comeliness, of dark hair torrentially curly and of feature rather exactly cut. But through the

comeliness gleamed an emotion that —An area of ice seemed to move up from adjacent body spaces, to cake about Marcia's heart. That emotion rendered his dark eyes desperate; it gave a feral cut to the lips which—unnaturally smiling now—pulled too far back over white teeth.

"No, I'm not stealing your car, lady," he explained. "I'm only borrowing it for a little while. But understand, I gotta have it and I don't want any interference from you. It ain't likely we'll meet anybody on this road. But if we do, don't make any pass in their direction, because I'll only step on it. There ain't any harm coming to you. The worst that could happen is that I'd let you out on to the road. But I won't do that if you'll behave yourself. All you gotta do, sister, is to sit back and enjoy the scenery."

Marcia throttled her terror long enough to ask, "Do you realize that this is a state's prison offense—that I could have you arrested?"

"Sure! But that don't worry me any. You arrest me as soon as you can, lady, and jest as hard as you want."

A distant whistle uncoiled a ribbon of soft sound in the air.

"There's the train!" Marcia exclaimed. "I've come to meet a friend. I've got to be there. I order you to turn and take me back to the station."

"Sorry, lady," the lad replied. "I know jest how you feel and it is sure tough on you. But I can't do it."

"But what will he—what will my friend do?" Marcia demanded. "Ten miles from my place and nobody there to meet him?"

"Oh, I guess he can take care of himself someway," the lad answered, his cool voice not without a tinge of sarcasm. "That is if he ain't a perfect damn fool. He can walk to the first house and telephone the garage. They'll send a car for him. At that, unless he's an old guy, it won't hurt him to walk."

Timothy Alden was far from being an "old guy," and his tall, hard muscularity could certainly accomplish those ten miles without too great fatigue. But he wouldn't like it; in fact he would hate it. Timothy's exercise, like that of so many men she knew—men of the metropolitan type—was carefully regulated. Golf on one day; tennis on another; swimming, walking, handball had each their planned places. Nothing irritated Timothy more than unexpected exercise.

"May I ask how long you intend to keep my car?" Marcia demanded, again concealing the tremor in her voice under a layer of frost.

"Can't say, lady. It depends. Maybe I'll get this job finished in an hour; maybe it will take two. It may take all night. I don't know."

A phrase flew out of the context of these remarks and packed even closer that little area of ice about Marcia's heart. "This job!" What on earth did he mean by "this job"? It sounded like burglary. But suppose it were murder. . . . Suppose it were . . . after all she was young and alone. The chill of the October night suddenly coalesced with that cardiac chill. Marcia drew the blanket about her; muffled her very ears. Her heart flopped and her body shook. Her companion was extracting the last ounce of speed from the

engine. They flew. For an interval, terror—sheer concentrated terror—lent its arrow to Marcia's thoughts.

Then another phrase from the boy's talk tore into her consciousness. "It may take all night!" For a moment her terror broke; her thoughts slowed; made room for still other thoughts. But that ice still congealed her heart.

All night—and Timothy. She tried to see Timothy handling this situation; tried to imagine his reactions. Would he be frantic for fear that something had happened to her? No, Timothy's mind wouldn't work that way. A strange sinking of her spiritual temperature apprised her how it would work. When, by whatever hook or crook he could exorcise, he got to the house and they told him that she had gone in the car to meet his train . . . Ah, Timothy's jealousy of Leslie, always sinisterly smoldering, would flame. He would leap to the conclusion that on the way, she had undergone a complete revulsion . . . had continued on to New York . . . had even rejoined Leslie. . . . The chances were that he would turn on his own tracks and rush back to New York. However, the suspicion would not have the effect of driving Timothy into the strange social antics in which many men with an active jealousy would engage. Thank heaven, Timothy was not the man who would rush off to Africa, Alaska or the South Sea Islands first and communicate with her afterward. He would pass a bad night, though. Uncertainty and jealousy would fang him relentlessly. The boy had said that this strange adventure might take only an hour. She could telephone Timothy. Hope surged warm into her heart; melted the icy terror packed there.

She sat up.

Coming to the perpendicular, her eyes caught a mirror. Ah, her thirty-two years gave the boy at the wheel a good seven years' advantage. She had a kind of beauty of course; of shadows and subtleties; of delicate curves and patrician shapings—a beauty which Timothy saw the instant he looked at her. But this boy would never find that beauty if he lived in the same house with her for the rest of his life. Her eyes rested assayingly on the shoddy, ready-made shoulders, the soiled collar and the shaven neck. Yes, there had been a ferocious emotional ferment back of that stern young face. But somehow she knew now that that emotion did not concern her. Her gaze regained its assurance, her head its equable poise.

On they went. The moon came out definitely and redeemed the world with silver. Except for sudden drifts of apprehension, which brought a trembling in its wake, Marcia was calm. She let the pendulum of her thoughts drift to Timothy . . . to Leslie . . . to Timothy . . .

How different they were and yet how deeply each had engaged her. Leslie, handsome and debonair, generous, gifted, gay, had collected the entire toll of her young girl heart . . . and then holding that tender content in his hand—how fragile, how luminous, yet how banded with iron and hooped with steel had been that first love of hers—he had played with it as a prestidigitator plays with a golden ball. Yes, Leslie had thrown her love away again and again, toss-

ing it into high, remote desolate air. But for a long time, he had always been able to catch it; now with his deft, apparently devoted right hand; now with the swift, ingenious, lover-like left. Maude Evers . . . Dorothy Challoner . . . Peg Horne . . . Yet Leslie had adroitly caught, securely held that golden ball after each one of these affairs. But then came Dorrie Dey. Leslie didn't catch the golden ball that time. It fell and smashed. Many months those golden fragments lay just where they had fallen. Then Timothy came along. . . . Was it that Timothy had evoked from her woman's heart another kind of love —a silver ball? Or had he put the golden fragments together into a sphere on whose battered surface, every fatigued cicatrix showed? Frankly, Marcia did not know, but she was beyond caring. It had taken a long time to make up her mind. She didn't make up her mind really. Dorrie Dey made it up for her. But that being accomplished and Marcia the kind of woman she was, there was only one way—a swift, clean, clear break. She had written this to Timothy; she had summoned him to Four Points to make the final arrangements; she would go west for her divorce; they could be married in less than a year.

Suddenly Marcia was conscious of shock. She was projected from the midst of her own thoughts as swiftly as though the car—now racing—had stopped short. It had not stopped however; it had only, with an instant impulse, leaped to a swifter speed. That area about Marcia's heart congealed again. Were they approaching the "job"?

The road was still a woodland road—no houses—apparently utterly deserted. No, not quite deserted. In the distance, Marcia caught sight of a car. For at least one instant, it seemed to occupy the distance; the next, the Ropes-Rolland was nearing it. After an interval, slowing down, they passed it. Instantly, her companion executed a strange maneuver. He turned the Ropes-Rolland, so that it lay at an angle across the road. The other car, screeching as it slowed, came to quivering quiet a few feet away. What was going to happen now, Marcia wondered. But with an entire calm she surveyed the car and its occupants. A rattlety-bang affair, it contained two people, a young man and a girl. An instant they glared, as though unbelievingly, at Marcia's companion. Then all three spoke together.

"Well look who's here!" exclaimed the man in Marcia's car.

"What the hell do you think you're doing!" exclaimed the man in the other car.

"What right you gotta follow us, Tom Sibley!" exclaimed the girl.

"I'm making it my right," answered—ah, Marcia thought, she must remember that name—Tom Sibley. She moved back into the corner of the seat; listened avidly.

The man from the other car leaped out, strolled insolently over, opened the door and, leaning in, surveyed Marcia. He was a fattish pretty lad, with hair as glistening and flatly waved as though it had been painted in gold upon his skull. His long lashes swooped in a rich curl from his blue eyes. His teeth dazzled when he spoke. "Who's your friend, Tom?"

he demanded with an accent which was all insolent imputation.

"I don't know," Tom admitted candidly. "I had to take her along when I took her car. You see a guy I hired ran out on me when we got to the Carfax Station. He got away from me."

The other lad seemed to dismiss Marcia instantly. "Well what the hell are you following us for?" he demanded with a truculence which seemed to Marcia, in some vague way, to lack authority. "Ain't Lutie free, white and twenty-one?"

"Oh, can that stuff, Walt," Tom answered contemptuously. "You don't fit into a Western fillum. You know just as well as me why I'm here and what I'm going to do."

The girl intervened. She leaned forward as she spoke and Marcia for the first time saw her clearly; a pink-and-white round of face under deeply-hollowed waves of nut-brown hair; a fragile slimness of long brown velvet figure, holding a dab of a green hat in its lap. "I know what you *think* you're gonna do, Tom Sibley. But I'm telling you what you're *really* gonna do. You're gonna get right outta here."

"Is that so?" Tom commented with a meretricious air of demanding information. "Is *that* so?"

"Yes, that's *so*," the girl answered with asperity.

With a swift, lithe movement, Tom Sibley eeled himself out from behind the wheel and on to the ground. Marcia saw for the first time the brief length of his taut slenderness. He strolled over to the other car. As he advanced, that mutinous fire in the girl's eyes died to blankness. She shrank back into the seat and as though searching for a defensive gesture, drew on the little round hat.

"That's right!" Tom Sibley affably approved. "Put your hat on and get outta that car."

Half way in her gesture, the girl stopped abruptly; tore her hat off from the serried waves of her brown hair; scaled it, with an enraged jerk, over her shoulder into the back of the car. "Tell him where he gets off, Walt."

"That's posi*lute*ly just what I was going to do," Walt declared with alacrity. "Move your bus over, Tom. Lutie and I are going to catch the one-thirty train in Holdstall."

"Well now ain't that inte*rest*ing!" Tom commented with an air of pleased surprise. "What a cute plan! I didn't know you had enough in that dumb nut of yours, Walt, to cook up such a swell little racket. Ain't I the dirty bum to come and bust it all up. Get outta that car, Lute, and get into this one!"

As in one breath, "I won't!" came from Lutie and "Don't you move, Lutie!" came from Walt.

"Oh, yes, you will!" Tom remarked. "What's more you're not gonna waste any time about it. I wanna get you home before Sam gets there and I'm gonna do it—see."

"How you gonna do it?" Walt demanded.

To Marcia this question seemed the first in the discussion not purely rhetorical. Instantly she knew that Walt felt so too. She heard in Walt's voice a quiver of uncertainty that, by the swift legerdemain of the mind, changed into a curiosity acute with sinister anticipation.

"This way," Tom answered, "if I can't do it any other."

From what unsuspected hollow between slim, nattily-fitting clothes and lean muscular flesh, had it appeared? Nowhere on his silhouette as he had stood in the moonlight, appeared a bulge or a sag. But there it was, black and murderous-looking —a revolver.

Lutie screamed. Marcia's heart dropped several degrees into that congealing chill; her throat dried. But she did not move or speak.

Walt produced what with the Nordic physique passed for a shrug of the shoulders. "You win!" he admitted.

"Whatta you mean *win!*" Lutie shrilled. "You ain't gonna stand here, Walt Bevert, and let Tom Sibley frighten you with that Fourth of July pistol?"

"That's abso*tive*ly what he's gonna do," Tom answered promptly.

"Say, who's asking you?" Lutie demanded. "I'm talking to Walt. Get back into this car and drive on. I don't care if you go straight through that big bus he's stolen."

"He can't go through it," Tom informed her. "And it won't do any good for him to try to start that old sewing-machine. I'll put a bullet in every tire before I put one in him."

Walt shook his head. "Sorry, Lutie! It can't be done. He's gotta gun and a faster car. At least, it can't be done now. It will be done later though."

"Now where'd you get that idea?" Tom asked as one brightly curious. "It's incorreck. You know I mean business, Walt Bevert. And if I ever see you hanging round my sister again—"

Ah, Marcia understood. Lutie was Tom's sister—not his wife.

"—I'll bore a hole through you as sure as God made little apples. Now beat it—before I start practising."

Walt approached Lutie, "I'm afraid you'll havta go back with him," he said.

"I won't go back with him," the girl interrupted.

"You gotta, honey," Walt informed her. "Don't you see, honey, you gotta! You gotta for my sake as well as your own. We're sewed up now, Lutie, and we can't beat the game. But that don't mean we can't beat it some other time. So you jest go home and wait—see, *wait.* You'll hear from me in the course of time. This bird's put it over on me once, but he can't do it again. Not the same way. The next time I'll have a coupla gats myself. You just go home, honey—and wait!"

All the time he was speaking, he was forcing Lutie out of the car. Her fingers clung to the seat like claws of iron; but he disengaged them. One hand took them captive; the other slipped about her waist and lifted her onto the ground. Lutie struggled and fought.

"I won't go!" she declared. "I don't wanna go. I don't care if he shoots. He can shoot me now if he wantsta. I'd rather be dead than go back to what I gotta go back to. Let him shoot, Walt—if he's gotta do some shooting. I don't care whether I live or die! Stay here with me and let him do what he wantsta. I won't go home."

Her voice rose shrilly; sobs, almost as piercing as her accent, caught in her words. But under the urge of Tom's steady gun, Walt lifted her

and carried her to the Ropes-Rolland; deposited her on the front seat. Tom leaped in beside her.

"Now, Walt, you get into that old can of yours and beat it outta here," Tom commanded.

Walt disengaged himself from Lutie's frantic fingers. She tried to leap after him. But Tom pinned her to the back of the seat with the crooked vise of his right elbow. All the time his steady right hand followed Walt's movements with the pointed gun.

It was very quickly over. Marcia afterward remembered—Walt's car had produced a preliminary roar, had started away; Tom's revolver had returned to its unnoticed fastness; the machine had turned, with the maximum of its smooth gigantic strength and the minimum of its soft, warning purr, into full speed. On the front seat, Lutie was still screaming abuse at her brother. She grew hysterical; words lost themselves in breath-soaked sobs and sobs emphasized strident insults. Tom paid no attention to her; so moveless was his poised figure, he might not even have heard. Presently Lutie's sobs died down; her words evaporated; long breaths heaved and fluttered. For a while, they glided on, a trio of statues—all mute.

Tom was the first one to break the silence.

"Of course, you think you're awfully mad with me, Lutie," he began pacifically. "But the time will come—"

"Don't tell me, please," Lutie broke in at a bitter heat, "that the time'll come when I'll thank you for this act you jess put on. You've spoiled my one chanct for happiness—and you know it. I'll hate you for it the resta my life."

"Oh, no you won't," Tom promised equably. "You'll be surprised how soon you'll get over this. But let's leave that out. That'll take care of itself. I ain't worrying about *that*. What I want to know is, what'd you pick that bird to make the break with for? He's a pretty little feller and all that—a regular moving-picture sheik. But can't you see that he's the weakest sister ever joined the show? Can't you see, he ain't got the guts of a beetle?"

"I'll thank you to leave his name outta this," Lutie interrupted savagely. "What he is ain't any of your business. And what you think of him don't interest me at all. What I think of him is what interests me. And I think a lotta him. What with the husband I've got, it's only natural I should like a guy that's good to me."

At first Marcia thought Lutie's thrust had staggered Tom; he did not speak. And then suddenly, he took up the argument again. His voice was so cool that Marcia saw that he was not at all confused; he had given Lutie this extra time in order further to key down. "You get me wrong, Lute," he apprised his sister finally, "dead wrong. But that don't make any difference. The main thing is though that you've got Sam dead wrong too and that's very important. You and me, Lute, have never talked Sam over. That's been a great mistake. We're gonna correct it now. You and I are gonna talk him over to-night."

"Excuse *me*," Lutie answered—for the first time cool, "there's one thing

we're not gonna even mention and that's Sam Eldridge. The subject don't interest me. And if you think I wanna sit here like a bump on a log, and listen to any man in the famous male act of standing together against the women, you're much mistaken."

"This ain't a question of men standing together," Tom demurred. "It's a question of decency and—and—and gratitude."

"You mean *Sam Eldridge's* decency?" Lutie asked in the thin, high voice of her sarcasm.

"No," Tom retorted crushingly, "I mean *your* decency."

"You mean I haven't got any," Lutie flared again.

"I ain't said that," Tom retorted, "at least not yet. What I wanta find out is—have you?"

"Perhaps," Lutie suggested and Marcia visualized her lips writhing in a thin smile. "Perhaps you're gonna tell me that my husband has always been perfectly faithful to me and ain't never looked at no other dame."

"No, I'm not gonna tell you that," Tom asserted bluntly.

Lutie jerked about and stared at him; obviously, for a moment, she was nonplussed. But she recovered herself immediately. "In that case, I was gonna inform you that I know all about that Etta Carter two years ago over in Centerville, that Molly Connolly who came over from New York last year and that French girl, Pauline LeFavor, who's working in the mill this fall. Now don't try to tell me it ain't any of it true. I *know* it's true."

"I'm not trying to tell you it ain't true," Tom declared. "I know it's true too."

From the expression of Lutie's back, Marcia knew that she flounced and sneered. "Well then, that's that!" she exclaimed.

For another interval Tom did not speak. Then "It's curious how much a dame don't know about men," he declared. "Oh, you needn't tell me," he interrupted himself as his sister tried to interrupt again, "that it's curious how much men don't know about dames. That's right too. I admit it. There'll be no chewing about that. But the way a woman don't understand men—God, *that's* a fright. You take Sam now—"

"Thank you almost to death!" Lutie interrupted flippantly. "Never again! I took him once for better or worser and that was one time too many."

Tom ignored this. "You take Sam," he repeated, "Sam's got his faults all right."

Lutie started to speak.

"Now wait one moment before you make any wise-cracks!" Tom ordered peremptorily. "I admit he's sure got his faults. And some of them are birds from a skirt's point of view. But Sam's pretty near a hundred per cent from a man's angle. Get that? A hundred per cent! And think it over! Of course a man can't judge for a woman, no more than a woman can judge for a man. But if I could be a woman and know as much as I know now, I'd rather take a man's judgment on another man than a woman's."

Lutie slipped in here, "It's too bad that you couldn't of been a woman," she suggested silkily. "Then you coulda married Sam Eldridge. And oh whatta grand sweet song married

life woulda been for you! Sitting up until nearly daylight every little while waiting for Sam to come home from his latest sweetie."

"You speak," Tom went on in a level tone, "as though you did that every night. You lie and you know you lie. Sam ain't stayed out so many nights on you, but you can count them on your fingers—come!"

Lutie was silent.

Tom did not press this argument. "Letting that lay for a moment, let's give Sam the once-over together so's you can see what you got. Sometimes, Lutie, you seem to of forgotten altogether what Sam's done for our family. Take Ma! Setting her up in that little house as snug as a bug in a rug. How she loves it! Do you think any of us coulda done that for her? You know Mabel couldn't. You know our sweet brother Frank couldn't—and wouldn't. *You* couldn't have did it—working at twelve dollars per in the Boston Store. I can't—yet. Don't it ever occur to you that Sam's darned good to Ma?"

"Well why wouldn't he be?" Lutie demanded. "Isn't Ma a knock-out everywhere? Who wouldn't do it for her?"

"Who *wouldn't* do it for her! Don't talk like a damn fool, Lute. Who *would* do it for her? Why, you poor fish, do you think people are standing around in line waiting to look after old ladies? Sam done it because he loves you. He loves Ma too. But he loves her because he loves you. Do you mean to tell me it ain't never occurred to you that Sam's been more than good to Ma?"

Lutie hesitated; held her hesitation. "Of course I'm willing to say that he's been pretty good there," she finally admitted.

Something devastating—chaotic—was going on in Marcia's mind. Breakage as in the spring of ice in a river . . . grinding . . . splintering . . . a roar . . . the smothering flow of a glacier . . . a resistless erosion. And then calm again. She found herself thinking of something she had once read in Plato. If you tied a man at the entrance of a cave, so that all he could see was the shadow of his own movements on the wall of the cave . . . What did it prove—that the captive would live a two-dimensional life? But it wasn't Plato's problem that interested Marcia. It was that, for the moment, she seemed herself to be bound at the entrance of a cave. She was watching pictures from her own life cast in shadow-play upon the wall.

"Let alone Ma," Tom was saying, "think what Sam's done for me, is always doing. Oh, he's mada man of me all right. He just lifted me by the slack of the pants out of that gang I was running with."

Leslie had a special capacity for sympathizing with the old. How her father had loved him! And small wonder! Leslie—when he was at home—had never failed to appear before dinner at the invalid's bedside. Always at five, her father's heavy eyes turned toward the door. What a break of smile when Leslie appeared! . . . Rita, her adored younger sister! Just after the war, Rita's husband had plunged disastrously in German bonds . . . even before Marcia asked, Leslie had offered . . .

She moved impatiently. As though

her restlessness had communicated itself to the front seat, Lutie thrashed about for an unavailing second.

"Yes," Lutie admitted unwillingly, "he's did an awful lot for you. Oh, Sam's been good—I know he's been good . . . but you don't know what it's like to have a chaser for a husband."

"Yes, I do!" Tom contradicted hotly. "Or perhaps I don't," he corrected himself humbly. "But I know one thing that women don't know. And that's how unimportant that chasing is."

"Whadda you mean?" Lutie gasped.

"I mean just what I said. It ain't important—at least it ain't as important as women think. What I really mean is it ain't important with a man like Sam. Maybe it would be with me. But I'm a different man from Sam. Sam has never really cared for any woman but you!" He turned and poured a glance like hot interrogative shot into his sister's eyes. "And you know that, don't you?"

Lutie did not answer.

"Come—you know that, don't you?" her brother repeated.

Hypnotized by that glance, and the directness of that repeated question, Lutie emitted a faint squeaked, "Yes."

"Well you can bet your last dollar on that. Sam loves you better than anybody in the world. You're the one that's always there. See? You're always there. But these others—God, they don't amount to any more in Sam's life than the glass of water he took at the kitchen sink yesterday afternoon. Next day he couldn't tell you their name. In a month he wouldn't know what they looked like. In a year he'd forgotten the whole thing. It ain't important, I tell you. Some women wouldn't have the nut to get that! But you're no fool, Lute, even if you are such a dumb-bell sometimes. What if once in a while, Sam does walk off the reservation. It don't mean nothing. Can't you imagine that? It don't mean a thing in the world. He's crazy about you—I tell you."

Lutie's answer was a surprise. She burst into a flood of tears. And then, her head dropped to her brother's shoulder. She sobbed. After a while words, interrupted by long gasps for breath, broke through her sobs. A phrase occasionally flew out of them and hit Marcia's consciousness. "It made me feel so ashamed . . ." "Everybody knowing it . . ." "And I thought he'd got over caring for me . . ."

Marcia sat moveless. Yes, she was the fixed star in Leslie's sky. The others were mere meteors; sidereal strays that trailed a swift sparkle through the arc of his sky and then vanished in smoke and darkness. But what about the rest of her life. Must she accept a half-allegiance? She had never had to put up with half ways or half measures before—and she was a proud woman. But what would become of Leslie if she moved away from his erratic orbit? Violent irregularities . . . the final destructive dash through space . . . darkness . . . silence . . . oblivion . . .

How long they rode, Marcia Morris could never afterward remember. She was vaguely conscious that Lutie's sobs died away, but that the

girl continued to rest her head on her brother's shoulder. It seemed from one point of view, a long ride and filled with desolation; from another, swift as a lightning flash and hung with stars.

Suddenly the car stopped at the Carfax Station. Tom leaped out and opened the door. "Here you are, lady, jess where I picked you up. I'm sorry I hadda do what I did to you. But I guess you see I didn't have no choice in the matter. Anyway it's a cinch that if you knew what was saved by it, you wouldn't mind."

"Something else has been saved by it!" Marcia a little incoherently, informed Tom. But her voice was perfectly clear when she added that she was glad of it.

## REGRET

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

When I was a very little girl
And the circus came to town
I would put on my shoes with their patent tips,
And my flowered dimity gown.
And out to the lot with its billowing tent,
My small coins clasped in my hand,
My spirit would march with plumes, and my feet
To the tune of the circus band.

And there in all the glitter and shine
Of those glorious afternoons,
Swaying high on their slender threads
Were clustered the toy balloons:
Scarlet and yellow and purple globes
Tangled with wind and sun,
And more than anything in the world
I wanted the reddest one.

I ached with the want—but I counted the cost—
Some hidden blood of the past
Cautioned me never to spend my coins
For a thing that would not last.
I wish I had stopped my ears and run
As fast as I could—and there—
Had bought a balloon—and had let it burst—
A scarlet flash on the air.

# Corporation Publicity

## *The Press-Agent and the Associated Press*

Kent Cooper

Everybody is more or less fond of publicity. Most of us have a hankering for fame. At some time in our lives we have wanted to be heroes. In our callow youth we imagined ourselves saving a life under glittering circumstances attractive to our boyhood companions. With adolescence we were likely to introduce a heroine into our dreams, and the basis of it all was just a natural desire for acclaim, and a hope that our daring had not escaped the notice of the local newspaper.

Few people dislike to see their names in print if the mention is favorable. We are eager to believe the complimentary references to ourselves are merited. Even occasional exaggeration is unobjectionable if untouched with ridicule. Vanity, from childhood to maturity, is our most easily stirred emotion.

Corporations are not unlike individuals in their appreciation of that which raises them to a pedestal or to any place of show, but with industries this desire for ostentation often becomes a vice. They lack that sensitiveness that causes the individual to greet fulsomeness with protestations of modesty, real or assumed. And so human nature has created one of the most strenuously worked fields of endeavor, an appealing career to thousands of former newspaper men, known under a variety of names, but most easily recognized by the common title of "press-agent."

Individuals of talent and attainment get their publicity because of personality. It is earned increment. Corporations, being inanimate, have no personality and conspicuous favor for them usually must be manufactured. Personality is created by the paid agent who emphasizes the "always beneficent and altogether admirable actions" of his charge. Thus was introduced the corporation with a soul that "seeks nothing selfishly and only wishes to serve." Establishment of this idea in the public mind means success and the press-agent works feverishly to that end. Sometimes he overdoes it, but often he achieves his aim. He is, in his work, what the "go-getter" is to salesmanship.

Builders of publicity for others are learning what it is to have the spotlight turned upon themselves. The Federal Trade Commission is conducting a searching investigation of public utilities corporations, and the great number of publicity men they have employed have been cast in stellar rôles. The methods of these agents, long since identified and suffered by the active newspaper

profession, have suddenly been disclosed to the layman, who sees their work as artful if he is a stockholder, and insidious if he has no interest in the corporations being exploited.

Already this government agency has amassed a total of 4877 pages of testimony, and the end is not in sight. With this, the first public inquiry into the press-agent's profession, comes its further recognition by Columbia University, which has just announced a new course, to be known as "The Organization of Public Opinion." The press-agent of the future will step from the class-room, university trained. The announcement says that "the subject matter covers the presentation of organized social movements, the promotion of public understanding of social organization and aims, the technique of public addresses, the preparation of news and feature articles and material for editorial comment, methods of organizing special campaigns of public education and the effect of organized publicity on public opinion."

Public demand brought the corporation press-agent into being. The Federal Trade Commission investigation merely disclosed what the public hath wrought. He is an early twentieth-century product of corporate business. He has a keen scent for printers' ink and his habitat is in and around the public press. His evolution has been rapid. The circus press-agent showed him the path to success, though the corporation publicity agent would not admit this. He thinks his methods more refined than the flashy ways of his brother of the circus.

Every one knows the circus press-agent, one of the earliest publicity representatives. Certainly every one who ever worked in a newspaper office recalls him. He talks in extravagant adjectives and submits extravagantly worded copy about the "greatest show on earth" which he represents. He carries pockets full of passes to the big show. Even these passes, in order to impress the newswriters whom he visits, are impressively large in size, printed in variegated colors. I never saw one smaller than a one dollar bill and, usually, the engraving thereon is as intricately designed as a treasury note, even if not so dignified.

The circus press-agent was, and still may be, an ostentatious individual. But he gets his copy "across." It was and still is used. The public would say it is used because the editor gets passes to the show. The editor would say it is used because the public is interested in the circus. In other words, what the press-agent has to tell about his circus is news, and his utterances are usually interesting, even if exaggerated. However, while the circus press-agent visits the editorial rooms with news copy, he never fails to visit the business office with advertising copy which he pays for at space rates.

To-day the corporation publicity agent does for big business what the circus press-agent does for the "big top." But with this difference: The circus press-agent's activity is directed exclusively to getting people to buy tickets for the show which is here to-day and gone to-morrow. He must work quickly if the tent is to be filled. The corporation publicity agent has more time to develop the

success of his program. His institution is here to stay and he tries to build good-will for it. It may be seeking a franchise or legislation. If he can gain good-will for it, the corporation may get either or both.

Until twenty-five years ago big business rarely took the public into its confidence. The public bought "over the counter," without much idea of what went on behind the counter. Big business didn't seem to care what the public thought and it did not use press-agents to inform prospective customers of the attractiveness of the wares it was selling. A gas company had only one kind of gas. Moreover, it was the only gas company in the field. The individual patron, if he wanted gas had to buy from that company. It was much the same way with street-car companies. There was only one line near John Doe's house that he could use to get to town. Big business had nothing to tell its patrons. They could take what they could get and like it—or do without. The attitude was that it made no difference to the public utility corporation. It sought no publicity; it even refused information to inquiring reporters.

That was the day when a coal operator expressed himself as having been designated by "Divine Providence" to guide the big business in which he was engaged. It was the day of the "public be damned." Public franchises for street-railway lines, gas and electric lighting systems, and so on, were granted by city councils behind closed doors, without much or any previous publicity. The people did not concern themselves about such matters, and would not even had the information that should have interested them been available. They knew that what the franchises offered would bring them new comforts, and the city council saw to it that they got them. There was no necessity of selling the franchise idea to the public. Publicity representatives were unknown and unneeded.

Likewise, the people wanted railroads, and they not only granted franchises on any terms the promoters asked, but they passed State laws that permitted civil districts to vote subsidies to help build the railroads. Millions of dollars of public money were so voted and the Government made tremendous land grants. Development of the country was the goal.

Sated with public help and public confidence, with franchises long since granted for the asking, and with these franchises having become invaluable, perhaps never to be taken away from them, private enterprises assumed isolation, even arrogance. The generation of twenty-five years ago awakened to the fact that previous generations had imposed what the succeeding generation felt was a heavy yoke. The arrogance of public utilities awakened rebellion.

Any community can remember the day when a man could not use his neighbor's telephone. Contracts as then made prohibited this. And in smaller communities where the local exchange manager knew everybody, even by voice, it was not an uncommon thing for a connection to be broken because a stranger was talking.

I remember an instance where a

neighbor tried to use the telephone to call a physician and was denied a connection. Even the telephone subscriber, himself, could not call the doctor for his neighbor as the exchange manager would hold that the telephone was there for his business, not for that of his neighbor. Actions at law for damages in such instances, made their contribution to the changed attitude of the Bell Telephone System, one of the first large corporations to discard the formula of the "public be damned" for the policy of the "public be pleased."

Long before this, however, there was a cry for legislation to control corporations and to restrict their activities. This brought into existence the organized corporation lobby.

There always were lobbyists, but the public didn't always know it, or if it did, it did not care. In some States the people got the upper hand. In some they didn't. States where they didn't were rewarded by the corporations which adopted them as their corporate homes. By doing so they passed as foreign corporations in States which undertook to regulate them. This action postponed regulation, but for a time only, as the condemnation of the people resulted in foreign corporation laws that controlled the acts of corporations whose corporate existence was legalized in another State.

But all in all, there was an awakening. Corporations, by their insolent attitude found they were frightening away investors. The people learned that there was a Wall Street in New York, which they could denounce and hate because money flowed from it to the corporations whose arrogance they were fighting.

Then came the insurance investigation in New York. The public learned that insurance companies lent their money to Wall Street and Wall Street financed the public-service corporations that the public was fighting. The public-utility corporations and other corporations were getting publicity! But it was not favorable publicity. Thomas W. Lawson added his story of "Frenzied Finance." The corporations were put on the defensive. They explained. Their managements were intrusted to new individuals who set about seeking favorable publicity and public confidence. The corporation press-agent came into being.

Invariably he was, and is, a former newspaper man. With him came improvement and evil. The public not only got what it had demanded—information about corporations and their policies, but it also got misinformation. Reporters came to be welcome at corporation offices. They were surfeited with information. Their visits declined in number; the corporation publicity man sought them out in the newspaper offices.

"Go-getter" methods were applied. Thus amateurs among them, or those who tried to prove to their employers that they were "making good," or those with a crude conception of their actual status, blundered along and cast certain discredit upon the efforts of the more experienced members of their craft who recognized that the press seeks legitimate news of established institutions in which the public is, and rightly should be, concerned. But unprincipled press-agents "put things over." They gave out fakes. The newspapers and press associations "fell" for

the fakes, found that they had been taken in and resented it.

There came an awakening in the newspaper business offices. Press-agents were furnishing, and newspapers were printing gratis, matter that the business office held to be advertising that should be paid for at space rates. It belonged in advertising columns. This, together with the fakes that had been imposed on them, brought an attitude of wariness to the editorial rooms. Press-agents were looked on with suspicion; they even became anathema. The pendulum had swung to the extreme in that direction. Again the public was on the point of being deprived of the legitimate news to which it was really entitled, because the press-agent, whom the corporations had furnished, had overshot the mark and made himself *persona non grata* in newspaper offices.

In order to rehabilitate him, corporations designated the press-agent by another name. He became publicity or public relations counsel. To-day he is a vice-president or an assistant to the president—even a president of a corporation. But this availed little, for, by whatever name he chose to be called, discerning newspaper men could, did and do recognize him.

Press associations, as did newspapers, threw up their guards against him. The possibility that ignorance or carelessness would find an editor susceptible to the wiles of the press-agent brought warnings like the following, which was gazetteered to every employee of the Associated Press:

"Do not permit friendship for press-agents or publicity seekers to influence your news judgment. The offerings of such should always be scrutinized with extreme care and in most cases be looked upon with suspicion."

Similar warnings have more recently been sounded by the United Press and International News Service, to their employees. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association issues frequent bulletins to its members uncovering the shrewd work of publicity agents.

Still, some of the information that the press-agents had or could secure was really necessary if newspapers were to fulfil their duty of giving the public the news. Any newspaper or press association executive could tell his own story of what he did at this juncture. One instance in my own experience of how one class of the gentry disqualified itself and what was done to restore to newspaper columns legitimate information of the industry it represented, will illustrate.

The Associated Press is entitled to the news collected by its member papers. If a member newspaper is imposed upon by a faking press representative, the Associated Press itself may fall into the same trap by using the fake. This actually happened in an instance of a fake perpetrated by the press representative of a moving-picture producing concern. This individual did it once, though he was never able to repeat. But because it felt that the offerings of the industry could not be trusted, the Associated Press used none of its material. This despite the fact that the public had a definite interest in the industry and in what it did.

Believing that motion-picture news should be accorded its rightful place in the policy of the Associated Press to report all of the news, I told Will Hays, the newly installed "Czar," that I wanted moving-picture news; that I would welcome information even from press-agents, if they had not offended, but upon one condition—that he would give me his word that nothing but true news would be offered. That would exclude fakes, but it would include anything in the way of news even though individual newspapers might hold that it was advertising matter. The Associated Press, of course, was to continue to be the sole judge as to whether any of the material should be used.

Thereupon Hays did the best job of house-cleaning I have ever known. He pledged all of the companies with which he is associated not to attempt any publicity fakes on the Associated Press. Only once in the several years since then have we had cause to complain. We furnished Hays with the facts in this instance and the faker's employers kept faith with Mr. Hays, thus enabling him to make good with me. Moving-picture activities now rank high as news.

I record the foregoing as an instance affecting one institution, the Associated Press. Similar understandings were entered into with other industries. To-day, considering the tremendous volume of news collected daily (the Associated Press, alone, collects and transmits one hundred thousand words every day) impositions on good faith, by industries of all kinds, are exceptionally rare.

Many corporations really have no need of press-agents, and it is difficult to understand why they employ them, except that it has become the custom. Then, too, there are corporation managements that are so unaware or ignorant of the public appetite for news that not even a competent press-agent can get results.

On the other hand, a corporation president who senses intuitively what it is that interests the public can get far more and better publicity without a press-agent, than the corporation executive who lacks good news judgment can get with a press-agent. When Daniel Willard began his presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad he made it a point to know the responsible news executives of the press associations and the larger newspapers. In the first years of his administration he dealt directly with these news executives, proved that he had good news judgment and he gained adequate mention for his railroad. Because he became too busy, or possibly because he thought he could stimulate even further publicity, he began to rely on press-agents. To the news executives Willard's press-agent was just another press-agent, so, of course, Willard's personality in presenting his news disappeared.

No one could testify better than press-agents themselves that the Associated Press applies to their offerings the acid test of: "Is It News?" If any part of an offering is news, the editor is at fault if he does not find it. This means sharp scrutiny at all times.

Employees of the Associated Press are enjoined to reflect upon the fact that if a trained Associated Press

man has fear of press-agents, the Associated Press man's training is incomplete. Its writers are expected to be ready to pit their news judgment against anything that may be offered by any press-agent, regardless of its disguise. If there is news in what is offered the correspondent should not be afraid to handle it just as he would handle news from any source. Only caution, vigilance and extraordinary care are counseled.

Impositions upon the public through the press association can, therefore, only occur if the press association editor is unable to detect an imposition or betrays the trust imposed in him. The first of these possibilities has furnished rare instances. The second has furnished none.

In the nature of things, any press association management deeply concerns itself with the loyalty and trustworthiness, as well as the ability of its staff, which is, for hundreds of newspapers, an Argus-eyed reporter of the multifarious activities of mankind the world over. A betrayal of the trust imposed in its writers would be of the first concern to their employers, be the employers newspapers or press associations, and any information through public investigation or private sources that would disclose such a betrayal, with or without the connivance of a press-agent would, as the employer values his own good name, be welcomed.

No one will maintain that there is any wrong in corporations submitting facts to the press. If it is wrong for corporations to do so it is wrong for the country pastor to send to the editor of his local newspaper a copy of his sermon or a note to the effect that the topic of the prayer meeting of Thursday night will be "the remission of sin." Publicity is sought and rightfully gained by nearly every department of the United States Government, including the President himself.

Let it be remembered that the public has a twofold interest in all kinds of corporations. First, it utilizes their products and, second, it owns their shares as stockholders. Naturally enough, then, it reads with interest or concern any corporation news, and it is the function of the press to furnish that news.

Corporations, including public-utility corporations, are not untrustworthy simply because they are corporations. But one thing no corporation press-agent can do. He cannot contribute an iota toward the success of his corporation by getting for it something that, in the minds of fair men, it should not have. Through the acts of his unprincipled brothers, the press is cautious in treating with him. His profession puts him on the suspected list in the office of any newspaper. The honest ones who represent honest institutions know this and do not resent it. The dishonest merely discredit their principals and impede their plans.

The employer may never really know his press-agent, but for whatever reassurance it avails, I can assert with confidence that the press has got his number. The best of them have humanized the mutual relationship between big corporations and the public. The worst of them have all but discredited the best of them.

# The Somber Land

*Where the Sun Shines All the Day—Spain*

Louis Golding

To each man his own Spain, and for me Spain is a somber land of castles and caverns. I cannot make out why people prattle of castles in Spain when they wish to conjure up a vision of airy nothings. It was precisely the solidity of the Spanish castles which so intrigued those generals of Napoleon who imagined that, the country once conquered, they would entrench themselves in the castles as deep down as oak-trees in firm soil. Spain itself is a monstrous castle set four-square against the winds and the seas. The Spaniard's home is his castle, in a sense much more exact than the Englishman's. For whereas the walls of his house are shuttered and bare, with a heavy iron grille clamped against the windows, the interior walls look inward upon a lyric place of trees and birds, of water splashing, of children singing. The choirs of the great cathedrals stand massive and rectangular under the soaring columns, as if these also were castles of the spirit, where the priests might shut out all knowledge of our mortal day. But above all it is the cities themselves which are castles, with a circuit of ancient walls about them, and bridges over the encompassing rivers. These very bridges seem rather like medieval drawbridges, to be drawn up at the sound of a trumpet of warning. I would bid you conceive Toledo, at the very heart of Spain, one of the most typical of her cities. On three sides of the city, its walls fall sheer in enormous precipices into the swift river Tagus. No city in Europe was more obviously designed as a castle to stem the hordes of invaders. And the houses and churches of the city itself seem to be not so much separate buildings, but the very substance of the rock conforming into habitable shape. Toledo is not a city such as our cities are in England, dwindling imperceptibly into green meadow-land. It is a carved mountain, it is a huge castle that arrests and subdues all the wandering fires of sunset. And it is an epitome of the Kingdom of Castile, the central plateau and fortress of Spain, whose very name is derived from the countless castles erected there to check and thrust back the Moors, with whom the men of Spain fought one of the supreme epics of history.

I said Toledo was a carved mountain. And indeed, there are certain regions of aboriginal Spain where, in fact, the living rock is hollowed out into dwelling-chambers, and where the primeval Iberians, who are the mysterious first inhabitants of

Europe, still maintain their incredible remoteness, their unabraded antiquity. For Spain, I repeat, is a country not only of castles, but of caverns. To wander in the country of these cave-dwellers seems to transport you bodily from the continent of Europe, from a world of newspapers and motor-cars, from the sumptuous hotels of Madrid, the gay casinos of San Sebastian. I was for my own part transported to the barren land of Matmata in North Africa, the country of troglodytes, the cave-dwellers, whither not many travelers penetrate. Here too the dark aboriginal people of our planet live in caverns, eating just such food and wearing just such garments as Herodotus described, when he visited them over two thousand years ago.

And yet there are caverns in Spain so much older than these, that the brain reels in the effort to compute their age. For these cave-dwellings of the Iberians in the southeastern regions of Spain, like those others in Africa which Herodotus visited, are, after all, to be reckoned in terms of historic time, which is thousands of years at most. But there are caverns a hundred times more marvelous, in that entranced country that lies a day's journey from the mid point of the northern Atlantic coast, whose tale is only to be reckoned in terms of geologic time, which is hundreds of thousands of years—and it may be millions—for the wise men are not agreed on the matter. You must make your way to Santander, that noble sea-city westward from Bilbao, if you desire to visit those caverns of Altamira and Puente Viesgo where our paleolithic ancestors left their astounding tokens. What creatures were they? Their skulls were not as ours are, the structure neither of their bodies nor their spirits. Were they more like the fabled dwellers of Mars or the Hyperboreans, of whom Greek legends tell, than they are like us, their posterity? Enter their caverns. Behold the bison and more improbable beasts scratched upon the walls, beasts that æons ago howled among colossal forests where the tram-cars of modern cities clang, who snorted through wide prairies which are now converted into barren morasses. By what light did those strange men—if you can call them men—labor? You must realize that these caverns ramify into the obscurest midriffs of solid mountains. Did they deliberately adopt this technique of burnt ash and red lead that the record of their lightning eyes might survive a thousand dynasties and make a contemptibly ephemeral toy out of the Pyramids? If you will go out beyond the threshold of certain of these caverns and hunt about among the debris of the excavations, you will find these enormous life-size studies rendered in exquisite miniature upon fragments of bones that belonged to species ages ago extinct. Regard these renderings from the standpoint of pure beauty. How was it that those men at the beginning of time were such herculean craftsmen that they could produce an illusion of such colossal and ferocious vitality? For not even the giant Michelangelo himself, with all the tradition of civilized artistry behind him, could produce anything more heroic.

But I do no justice to those mysteries if I make no reference to the

strange Spaniard who expounded their secrets for me, in the most grandiose of these caverns, more terrific than any cathedral—the cavern on the hillside above the green and willowy village of Puente Viesgo. He was a fantastic, wrinkled little man with long arms like a gorilla's. But his mind was one of the most subtle and sophisticated I have ever encountered. It was in terms of paleontology he explained these secrets, but he was just as familiar with the newest novelist from Bloomsbury as with the oldest papyri from Karnak. It was in the cavern of Puente Viesgo, however, he came veritably into his own. He was like a bat or an owl, so that the outer day seemed a foreign element to him. Here he slid and clambered with incredible agility, wholly independent of the fierce acetylene flare which dimly illumined these Titan glooms —while my friend and I, nearly half a century younger than he—groped timidly from shelf to shelf or down tomblike tunnels with a slim sapling in our hands. He bore his own sapling as it were the scepter of his phantasmal office. I should have thought him most like a bat of any creature known to men, so windily he fluttered about us, and uttered such thin squealings as he pointed out some drawing or hieroglyph that particularly held his wild fancy.

But another impression seized us more and more inescapably at the heart of this cryptic darkness we had dared to penetrate. Our wrinkled leader seemed to be nothing other than a survivor into this late hour of earth's history from that unbelievably distant dawn whose memorials were engraved upon these walls and chiseled out of these rocks. There were not only drawings he pointed out to us; here was the hard stone converted into the image of an eagle with extended wings. There was a sculptured horse straining to leap from the wall out of which it had been hacked in half-relief.

It is only now I can recall how uncanny the theories he propounded to us were, into what an empyrean of speculation that batlike voice more and more dizzily ascended. And yet it seems certain to me that the more fantastic the theories were, the more likely are they to be true; for in this place every law of probability was reversed and only that was feasible, which, outside the entrance to the cavern, was grotesque. But I must relate the dim fantasy of what followed. We had entered now into the last dark recess of the cavern. We were to resume once more the sensation of familiar day. Then the man paused. He had a kindness to ask from us. Would we sing him a song from England, here, in the paleolithic night? What song should we sing then, we asked fearfully. I cannot explain what emotion prompted him to his request. "God Save the King," he replied. It is impossible to say into how hoarse, how nightmarish a music, the familiar song was converted here, amid these pillars and flutings and arches and groinings and wilder formations unknown to architecture. But I can conceive no audience in all the five continents more mysterious than that strange wizened old man, and the galloping bison on the walls, and the carved eagle with outstretched wings.

This is the artistry of the caverns

of Spain. And when it was first executed neither Spain nor England existed as we know them now. The submerged continent of Atlantic rose humpily out of the ocean which entombs it. That is the art which goes back before time. But there is a certain artist who, in a sense, is the climax of everything we in the Western world have elaborated and called art, who completely fuses ancient form with modern passion. His name is, need I say, El Greco. He was born in Greece and studied in Venice, but he lived and worked in Spain. And if you would wish to study this supreme artist, you must follow him to Spain—for in all the other galleries of the world he is very meagerly represented. Having visited the caverns I have spoken of, you must make your way to the castles to see El Greco's canvases—or the galleries and cathedrals, at least; but even these in Spain, as I have said, are fortresses.

It might seem disproportionate that I find all my experiences in Spain culminating in this single artist—and this artist not even a Spaniard. But it is typical of Spain that everything which is most noteworthy has been deposited there by alien tides of invasion—whether the invaders came like the Arabs in countless hordes, or like El Greco, the artist, as solitary as a phenix. So that the exquisite architecture of the south—the Alhambra in Granada, the mosques at Cordova, are Arab. The superb aqueduct at Segovia some hours north of Madrid is Roman. The incomparably lovely cathedral at Burgos still further north, is French. And, I make bold to say, the most notable of all, El Greco the painter, is Greek. And yet Spain has been overwhelmed by none of these, neither by force of arms nor force of beauty. Of all countries in Europe, Spain remains most fundamentally herself, most virginal of lands, as Mr. Waldo Frank has phrased it, nourishing her proud and somber spirit in isolation between all the centuries linking the epoch of the bison with the epoch of the aëroplane.

It is perhaps for that reason that I, for my part, find winter to be the season in which it is most fitting to visit Spain, when the strange cold ardency of season and landscape seem to confirm and corroborate each other. This is, of course, a heterodoxy; for the English, as a people, are a curious race of travelers. An iron set of conventions govern us as to where we may travel and precisely when. I am not suggesting that the midmost swamps of the equator or the most barren ice-floes of the antarctic have any terrors for us. But we preserve a definite ritual of approach toward them. In the same way, though Greece is only round the corner in the epic scale of traveling and Spain is next door but one, no respectable English traveler (and no American, for that matter) will dream of Greece in midsummer or Spain in midwinter. Throughout my midwinter wanderings in Spain I have encountered no other Englishman or American over the breadth and width of that enormous land. Yet the sun shone all day like a bronze shield and if there were at night no coal fires nor central heating, what was wrong with that great copper brazier at the heart of the inn,

where you and Quixote and Sancho Panza and the muleteers from the mountain villages and the shoeblacks and the young lads from the bull-farm in the valley yonder, gathered together and drank and talked and dreamed till the last ember was burned out.

But my paramount memory of Spain in winter is not of a country inn but of a thronged square in her chief city, and of a night when I most clearly divined how somber these people are, these silent Spaniards. After a night so harsh and grim, it seemed to me that even the snow upon the gaunt encompassing plateau, though it was not less white than in other lands, was less gay. The sun was strong enough beyond my windows; but it introduced only a somber intensity into the landscape, not the fantastic gaiety of snow in Italy, in any other land. I began to understand why these were the somber people, why the grim architecture of the Romanesque builders seemed more appropriate in Spain than elsewhere. I perceived also why, when the Spanish builders in the last days of the Renaissance attempted at length to endow stone with the hilarity and variety which builders in all other lands had forced upon it, they could produce nothing but a frozen and contorted mask which only emphasized the severity that lay beneath it.

They are somber even in their games. There is no more grim parade of virtuosity than bull-fighting; and they have made even of pelota, that quick ball-game of the Basques, an instrument of harsh gambling rather than an infinitely arduous and exciting exercise of all the muscles. In the great, clangorous halls, the *frontones*, where pelota is performed before the assiduously calculating companies of *aficionados* it is not the athletes themselves who are the principals of the ritual. It is the shrieking red-capped "bookies," as they might easily be described, who stand behind the rail separating the onlookers from the players and arrange the bets—it is they who are the pivot of the game. When a player by some wretched fluke upsets the calculations of his backers, a more frantic storm of hisses and whistlings assails him than any tenor who goes suddenly and lugubriously flat in grand opera at Madrid. Should he, on the other hand, achieve a return which would seem hopeless to a centaur or a winged Hermes no breath of applause congratulates him. His improved form merely adds a new consideration to the stern calculations of the *aficionados*. That is the basic and the austere preoccupation of them all—excepting the sweating players; and these do not count. They are a somber people, I say.

But it is when they are at their most joyous, so to speak, that you perceive how somber they are. So it seemed to me in the turbulent hours that preceded the last moment of the year, which all the bells proclaimed appallingly above the wide boulevards and the reeking alleys of Madrid. It was my fortune to spend these hours in that strange, deliberate city, in that great meeting-place of streets and cradle of revolutions called the Puerta del Sol. Hours before, you heard the great concourse preparing, as it might be a

surge of waters chafing across a dam. From every region they came irresistibly, darkly, from those joyless bars of the arid suburb called Cuatro Caminos, from the lanes that straddle on both sides of the Calle de Toledo to the very portals of the Royal Palace.

Now at length, I said to myself, I shall see Madrid joyous. For what multitude of people gathered together in any city upon earth to celebrate the first moments of a new year has ever resisted the illusion that this new year is to be an altogether superior thing to the old, with purses lined more amply, wine less sour, meat less infrequent? My mind recalled vividly in this harsh star-splintered night of Spain the New Year gatherings of my boyhood, in the friendly murk and muzzle of Albert Square in Manchester. With what unquenchable joy of living the mill-boys and mill-girls clattered upon their clogs, exchanged caps and shawls, passed bottles of no ecstatic liquor ecstatically from mouth to mouth! I recalled a later New Year's Eve in a Tyrolese city—the little frightened sucking pig that mine host passed from guest to guest to confer gross plenty upon them all for all the new year. How the lads slapped their bronzed, bare knees, how they seized their maidens and twirled them to the roof, what gallons of schnapps were consumed, and what infinite piping-hot Atlantic cables of sausage were devoured! And swiftly my mind made one bound farther southward, here in this southern land. I remembered the brightly garbed bands of masqueraders who went serenading the joyous time from house to house, away in Capri, among the hyacinth seas. What discord of instruments, what coughing of callow voices, what quiring of shrill voices—but how all these sounds cohered into rapture in the odorous air!

Discord of instruments! And the sudden banging of a dust-pan lid upon the bottom of a dust-bin, two inches from my ear, annihilated those other memories—Manchester, Innsbruck, Capri—and the somber people were about me again, filling the air with their raucous irony.

There were, indeed, certain other mechanisms for the making of noise to be obtained for a few centimos at the stalls that lined the gutters, raw trumpets and rattles and an object compounded out of skin and broomsticks. From this last issued a shuddering howl of anguish, such as a creature imprisoned in a tomb might emit. This was almost somber enough for the taste of the *Madrileño*, but it was the garbage-heaps of the suburbs which had yielded him his richest harvest. It was a scavenger's bacchanalia. Tin cans, rusty buckets, petrol tins—upon an orchestra of such instruments he produced his symphony of solemn invective. I produce a false impression if it is believed this concourse of sounds was not loud. It was deafening. But it was joyless. There was no delight in it, nor in the eyes of these melancholy revelers. Some were drunk. A thousand bottles of the potent liquor of aniseed passed from hand to grimy hand, but its effect was only to impress a certain stony rhythm upon the impact of broomstick and dust-bin.

A few minutes before the stroke of twelve the music had attained the

desperate fixity of a tom-tom tattoo of cannibals in a swamp of Papua. I wondered what climax the high bell in the civic belfry had in store, what ultimate thunder it would evoke to eclipse its own fateful voice. The first stroke struck. A silence fell upon Madrid. I looked round startled among the swarthy multitude. Now the second stroke struck. Each man, woman, child, devoured his second grape. For this (as I was to understand later) was the crisis of the ceremony—the eating of *las doce uvas*—the twelve grapes. Somberly, cynically, to each stroke of the bell each creature there devoured the first, second, and twelfth of his grapes. High on the tower the four figures of the new year flashed upon the blackness. So cynic an uproar greeted them that you might have thought the wires of the electric bulbs must fuse.

They did not. All night long the somber noise persisted. Dawn trod without rapture at length upon the surrounding melancholy plateau.

I have said that my paramount memory of Spain in winter was of Madrid, in the heart of her great square upon New Year's Eve. But when, among the lands of my wayfaring, I summon Spain "to the session of sweet silent thought," it is a city of no season at all which possesses my imagination, a city curiously lifted from space and seasons, a city which, like a great painting by one of the Bolognese eclectics, combines all the grandest qualities of the epochs of precedent art, yet has a virtue irrespective of them, a virtue which transcends them. For as I add to the tale of my years and my wanderings, I find one thing true of cities and of men. Not very many will offer their secrets to you, or will be found in the end to have secrets worth offering. A man has the capacity for not many great friendships, and in his brief span, if he conquer and hold to his heart half a dozen cities, he is fortunate. My destiny has sent me among many men and across a thousand cities. This man endures as my friend out of the multitude, this city endures as my love.

There was Verona, of the purple dusk and the capes flung over shoulders in the small clamorous *galeria* against the amphitheater. There was Ravenna of the mosaics, and harsh Andritsæna high up in Peloponnesus facing Erymanthus under a brawl of waters. And Chipping Campden, and Rothenburg.

And to these let me add Segovia, that more than Spanish city, the city of the aqueduct that stalks over the hollow to the proud city of towers, lonely and lovely upon the plateau of Castile. My breath catches in my throat as I remember how easily I might not have stopped at Segovia. For it was only when the train had started that I discovered that my journey northward from Madrid would not take me to Medina del Campo by Avila, as I had been told, but by Segovia, as seemed good to the station-master and my own presiding gods. And a word I cannot remember uttered by a friend I shall never recall asserted itself mysteriously in my ear in the chilly station of Segovia. "Segovia!" the voice said. "Rome not merely strong—Rome beautiful! Segovia!" With a fierce energy engendered in

the sluggish hours that had clopped and clumped all the way from Madrid, I flung myself and my knapsack out of the train even as it moved away into the desultory night.

I shall never be grateful enough to those men with cabs and taxis who propounded such exorbitant sums for their services that I seized my stick and set my chin and vowed to walk till daybreak, should the city be so far, sooner than yield to such blackmail. For they would certainly have set me down at the hotel in the plaza where, even so soon in the year, two ladies and two gentlemen, all with spectacles and Baedekers, sat in the porch all day discussing how *gemütlich* is Dresden. I should not have stumbled into that vast friendly medieval inn, called the Parador del Norte, with the grace and the glory of the aqueduct filling all my sky. Above all, I should not suddenly have come across the aqueduct itself, standing like Rome above all the hills.

Indeed, the journey I made into the city and through the city, was about eight times as long as a man with any sense of direction at all might take. But though my knapsack was heavy, I did not regret my capricious and protracted path. I found myself in a place of such splendid towers, of such starry cloisters, of such arches and gateways, of such sudden vistas into mountainy vacancy, that I wondered whether I was not the sport of some hallucination. Here was a Romanesque tower, as fine as any in Ravenna; there was a great grim house, like the lordliest in Florence; here was a Saracen tracery which in all Tunis has no rival for delicacy. And yet I knew, as I wandered down cobbled alleys and across tiny squares where my stick rattled like an army between a level Renaissance façade and a torment of Gothic buttresses—I knew that the vision of Segovia was still withheld from me—the thing wherewith Rome was not merely strong, Rome was beautiful, so that all these other beauties fell back before it.

Then a moment came when I turned out from a lane between two blind walls, a moment when I knew I had climbed to a greater height in the city than I had attained previously. And of a sudden I was aware of it, springing from my left hand as it were, across the plateau of Castile, across all the ravines and rifts; until, fantastically, it seemed a bridge across half the world, between the further banks of Tiber and the north wall in Scotland. And so enormous were its arches it seemed that under this nestled the amphitheater of El Djem and not many arches away nestled the arena of Arles. It seemed to be strung taut in the night like a bowstring and, like a rainbow, to be a celestial thing presenting only an illusion that its feet were set upon earth.

This was the mood of the aqueduct in Segovia, at night, under the strict stars, with a faint sheen of snow on the far Sierras. By day it is not less august, I think, but it is less exclusively Roman. It lends itself to the vicissitudes of cloud and wind, of dawn and sunset. Not that the stones themselves, the great granite blocks out of which it is composed, yield to any such flatteries. They remain aloof, impermeable, in the

miracle of their secular poise, their proud coherence. No mortar holds them together, no bars of metal clamp them. They have something of the mystery of essential matter, maintaining their intactness in a perfect equipoise of centripetal and centrifugal forces.

The stones themselves remain Rome, I say. But the arches whose walls spring from the earth with the solidity of mountains and the grace of the stalks of flowers, fill with a pageant of sky and mountains, red roof and red earth, church-tower and fruit-stall, mule and muleteer—the pageant of all Spain. It is a pageant you may vary at your will, according as you place yourself, and each arch becomes a frame, now for a ridge of mountains, now for a small girl approaching with her basket. But if you go away from the city, so far that you see the aqueduct in relation with the valley it bestrides and the city it was made for, enisled in the evening air, then are the pictures it frames the loveliest. It becomes an analysis of sunset. Each arch contains one of those elements in suspension which combine into the flaring miracle, until at length the divine disintegration ceases. Now the upper arches present a pattern of stars and the lower arches a pattern of lights, the warm lights of inns, the everlasting lights of altars. And Rome it is that establishes their harmony, Rome perpetual in the aqueduct of Segovia though in Rome she crumbles into dust.

Wherefore I say that Segovia is a greater thing than a merely Spanish city, or any mere Italian city; wherefore I say also it is a greater thing than a city of spring or winter or any season at all. It is a city of illumination, in the spiritual sense of that word. A man in such a city divines the secret of the land where he is wandering and the other lands where he has wandered. History is interpreted, the letters patent of the human heart are here conferred. Go then to Segovia when you fare forth to Spain. If there be a fortunate conjunction between your own humility and the graciousness of the genius of Segovia, your own limbs will be the pillars whereon the aqueduct is established, and the palms of your hands its arches. You will be the conduit of dawn and sunset, the initiate of a lofty mystery.

# Table Talk

The campaign is over and we can only feel that America has wasted one more opportunity for political education. Consider the vast issues at stake, the magnitude of the office involved, and then review the petty personalities and trifling by-play that featured the campaign! With a chance for high debate on two conflicting theories of government, with political vistas opening wider than at any time during the twentieth century, and with radio audiences mounting into the millions, we heard little but charges and counter-charges, innuendoes about hip-pockets, bung-holes and corkscrews, challenges thrown down by irresponsible clergymen, and all the twiddle-twaddle of solid South, bone-dry, and Pope-of-Romism. At first there was some semblance of constructive discussion concerning personal liberty, farm relief and international relations—but these were soon bogged in whispering swamps of active misinformation and malicious lies. The candidates themselves were noticeably superior to their henchmen, but somehow they never were able to extricate themselves from the chittery skeins of gossip woven by their campaign orators and apologists.

Hungry for intimations of America's political dignity, we turned again to the Federalist papers of Hamilton and Madison, reread the Lincoln-Douglas debates and the second inaugural of Woodrow Wilson. Here was power and substance, even if thrice familiar. But with possibly a single exception there was no address of power or substance delivered during the entire Smith-Hoover campaign. We do not know who is to blame, but we do know that slander and insinuation played far too important a part in the recent elections. Perhaps it was ever thus. But because we still suffer from sporadic attacks of democratic utopianism, we believe that the art of political discussion is not wholly dead in America. It is merely sleeping the long, drugged sleep of weary despair.

The Big Banks are now accommodating the small borrower—and a fine, far-seeing course it is too. Heretofore, the wage-earner took his financial troubles to the loan-shark, signed his usurious papers and spent the rest of his life trying to fend off saw-toothed interest charges. But now the first-line banking houses, sensing a sound business opportunity, have created special departments to serve the small-fry borrower in his hour of need. There is a time in the average earner's life when three or four hundred dollars will send the balance of happiness permanently up or down. To secure this sum he needs no collateral other than his character; he agrees to pay the legal rate of six per cent, and is positively *not* fish-hooked by a quire of fine-print clauses and liens

upon his life, liberty and peace of mind. He gets his money to tide him over a critical time, and then he pays it back—just as business men have been doing since Cheops let out the contract for the first Pyramid.

The National City Bank of New York, the largest bank in the United States, takes a finishing poke at usurers and loan-sharks by making the "character loan" a part of its regular business. And since all loans ultimately rest upon the character of the borrower, the National City Bank seems to have tapped a profitable vein by extending its accommodations to the honorable man in the shop, at the machine, and in the street.

A GREAT American poem has been written, a poem that slips the leash of conventional poetry and runs like a big horse exulting in freedom. It is the "Iliad" of our Civil War, cast of clear epic metal. Love, sacrifice, courage and fresh song are in this book, which molds Whitman, Lindsay, Sandburg and Stephen Crane into one marching narrative, swift as any short story, engrossing as any novel. "John Brown's Body" is the name of the book, and Stephen Vincent Benét is its author. Rarely do we employ a double-barreled superlative on men, poems, or institutions, but in our conservative opinion "John Brown's Body" is the grandest piece of extended poetry ever written by an American.

To make a textbook of Mr. Benét's epic would be indeed a pity, but somehow the work should be brought to the attention of young Americans. It preaches no special brand of patriotism, yet no poem ever was more instinct with love of country; it carries no moral, yet like all works of art it purifies emotion into the clearest of moralities. The effect of "John Brown's Body" will be a permanent one upon those who read it. And incidentally it proves that a long poem can be excitingly readable and still retain a magical quality never attainable in prose.

DEPLORING the frivolity of undergraduate publications, President Ernest Hopkins of Dartmouth College has urged upon the freshman class a higher standard of campus journalism. The urging was most acutely needed, not only at Dartmouth but at every college in the country. An examination of undergraduate periodicals recently made by this writer revealed a predominant mass of inane humor, sports chatter and campus notes, prepared in a style known for some reason as "breezy," and aimed at the intelligence-level of a low-grade buck private. Of rational comment upon national affairs, of maturity in style or make-up there was

scant evidence. Of discussion—or even news—concerning art, science, letters, there was none. It seems fair to Yale, Columbia and Princeton to remark that their papers were much above the average in appearance and content. Harvard possesses in "The Hound and Horn" a distinguished literary magazine, the only thing of its kind in the entire rack of college literature. And as for the alleged "comics," well, that phase of the scrutiny was so painful that we'd prefer not to open it again just now.

President Hopkins was phrasing his idea euphemistically when he said that a vast improvement was desirable in college journalism. What the college paper needs is a renovation! On most campuses, it has fallen into the hands of the fraternity politicians who pluck at the editorial strings chiefly for the advancement of "the brethren." Naturally, one doesn't expect a "New York Times" or a "Chicago Tribune" on every campus, but considering the talent available we believe that a little jacking-up of critical standards, a little less politics, and a certain minimum of editorial piloting by a competent faculty member might bring about a marked change for the better.

"GETTING out the vote" is such a dreary task in most political contests that we suspect, sometimes, that something is wrong not with the voter, but with the vote. As things now stand under the majority rule, it actually happens that even a large minority of votes means nothing at all. Frequently the victorious candidate wins by a bare plurality, representing a minor fraction of the total vote, and stranding considerable portions of the voting public without a voice in the government. A feeling of hopeless futility overtakes the chronic minority voter (and there are plenty such) with the result that he refuses to get excited about a ballot which really means nothing to him.

"The winner takes all," is good gambling philosophy, but it should have no place in democratic governments. Under the system known as proportional voting, minorities as well as majorities and pluralities can be represented without detriment (and with positive benefit) to our existing form of government. The winning candidate in a proportional voting contest is really a composite of first, second and third choices on the part of the voters. Every vibration of every vote is thus recorded, no fractional part of a ballot is wasted, no minority goes wholly unrepresented—and finally, general interest is stimulated by a combination of the foregoing reasons. Proportional voting is not a universal panacea for democratic ills, but it is a more sensitive and sensible method of recording the popular will than the system now in effect.

COMMANDER BYRD is taking one thousand gallons of excellent liquor to the South Pole with him, of which four hundred gallons is bonded rye whisky. There was also some champagne and quite a sizable quantity of port in the gallant commander's cargo. No one who knows anything about climatic conditions around the South Pole will begrudge Explorer Byrd one drop of stimulant; doubtless a small ration of liquor will set his crew up wonderfully after a day's battle with the elements. As for ourselves, we hope that those adventurous gentlemen won't have to be at death's door before a spoonful of that bonded rye is served them. No dying man is really able to appreciate the blessing of fifteen-year-old whisky.

But it must also be remembered that there are spiritual as well as geographical South Poles, and one doesn't have to be a member of the Byrd expedition to feel at the bottom of the world. And when one has sunk "farthest south," what brings one back to equatorial warmth most graciously and soon? Cocoa? Warm milk? Hot lemonade? Nope. Commander Byrd's long polar experience has furnished the best answer to the question, "What is the logical beverage for that South Pole chill?" *Spiritus, spiritu!* Is it for naught that the words are spiritually cognate?

THERE was a man named Dwight Morrow who gave up a pretty fair job and went down to Mexico to see what could be done in the name of peace and friendship. Everything seemed to go agin' him at first, until with assassinations, church troubles and what not, we all expected he'd be sending in his resignation almost any day. But he hung on like the patient old beagle Lincoln used to tell about, and eventually there was a friendly agreement reached on some important oil matters, good-will voyages were exchanged by famous aviators, and quite recently an able civilian, one Portes Gil, was peaceably elected (mark that) to the office of President. One detects the quiet hand of Mr. Morrow in these amicable goings-on, yet if he were overtly congratulated he would disclaim any special credit for the good things that are happening in Mexico. Able, unostentatious Dwight Morrow! If you weren't so critically needed in Mexico City we'd like to see you get a credential or two for the Court of St. James.

A LETHAL struggle goes on in the inorganic world, a conflict just as murderous and incessant as the struggle for existence among animals and mortals. See how gas and electricity are locked in a death battle, fighting it out to a finish in the public utilities world! Both can be used for lighting, heating, refrigerating and power; both are highly capitalized with brains and money.

Which of the twain will emerge triumphant? Again, the radio is coming to grips with the telegraph, and threatening the supremacy of the newspaper and the moving-picture. Fuel-oil is anthracite's waxing rival; air-cooled airplane motors are slowly gaining on water-cooled engines; the motor-bus is crowding the railroad. Even a mechanistic universe evolves, and in the wake of its evolving wave, half a universe lies defeated and dead.

THE most fascinating architectural project that has recently come to our attention is the proposed Monumental Lighthouse which the nations of the world will erect in the Dominican Republic to the memory of Christopher Columbus. The huge beacon, which is being actively sponsored by the Pan-American Union, will cost between two and three million dollars, and will serve not only as a memorial to the discoverer of America, but also as a symbol of perpetual amity among American nations. To secure the best architectural talent for the drafting of a suitable design, a world-wide competition with prizes aggregating over fifty thousand dollars is being held by the Pan-American Union. International interest among sculptors, architects and engineers should do much toward creating a heroic monument, "in which haste and counterfeit, the commercial and the commonplace [to quote from the official prospectus] are not factors." The Christopher Columbus Lighthouse is something more than a mere news item. It is a project of vast utilitarian, esthetic and political importance, a connecting link between the past and future of the two youngest continents.

TRY this recipe for restlessness, perplexity and generally unsettled conditions of the soul: Fifty pages of Santayana, slowly read and well-digested twice a week. Add an unhurried view of three Renoirs (the dancers of the Moulin Rouge or *les canotiers* on the Seine are best for this purpose) and a generous application of Bach. Vespers are also valuable in treating stubborn cases. If the attack is mild, take a bag of cherries and find yourself an isolated bench in the park after supper.

Warning! If you take this prescription too faithfully you will become so placid that your job at the office will be jeopardized.

# Edwin Booth Counted His Ducats

*His Reputation and His Earning Power Remain Unrivaled*

Sally MacDougall

Discrepancy and the drama have long gone hand in hand. This year people in the theater and out of it are complaining about the present and calling back the past. Producers are rejecting possible but questionable masterpieces by to-day's playwrights to revive old plays that once were known to be good. Patrons protest that there are too many plays to choose from in New York, too few good ones, too much danger of seeing bad ones, that the prices of seats like the salaries of stars are altogether too high. Never before, they believe, did such fat and fantastic pay envelops go to any artist of the bright stage as a reward for creating a world of illusion for us of the darkened spaces.

There is one name that invariably leads all others in any discussion of our drama across points of time. That is the name of Edwin Booth.

"What would Edwin Booth say if he could come back and see all this bigness? Wouldn't he be surprised at the salaries of the stars?" Such exclamations even get into print.

Undoubtedly Mr. Booth would be —and possibly is—surprised at the Broadway of to-day. He would be surprised, for one thing, that the theater, with its unimaginable fortunes that stream in one door and scatter out through others, has not produced some one to shove him off his throne. For Mr. Booth seems not to have forseen the appraisal with which posterity has honored him. One day about half a century ago, after a busy and profitable season, he was resting at his country home at Greenwich, Connecticut, and apparently speculating about that very thing. In a letter to his manager, Horace McVicker of New York, he said:

"Since my engagement ended I have lolled and loafed my hours away, busy in leveling many a fairy fabric I had reared, and wondering what my future will disclose; just as all addle-pates do."

Mr. Booth would doubtless be surprised to find that his future has disclosed no actor who earns as much as he earned then, that his income transferred into to-day's dollars would seem a fantastic sum to our best paid stars.

In a faded account-book that long has lain in Mr. McVicker's desk is a record of the 1876–77 season, showing that Mr. Booth's earnings between November and May amounted to $72,492.75.

A question that arises is: How much is a dollar worth to-day compared to its value fifty years ago? A conservative librarian of a large New York bank estimated that it has about half the purchasing power it then had. Others who are supposed to be financial experts said that seventy-two thousand dollars half a century ago would go as far as two hundred thousand dollars to-day. Mr. McVicker, recalling that the cost of room and board for a star at the best hotels was $2.50 a day when he was a young manager, suggested that multiplying by four would be a simple short cut to the answer.

Mr. Booth's share of his opening week that season at the old Lyceum Theatre in New York was $4,883.38. The second week he received $4,441.25. The income fluctuated because, like a few stars of to-day, he was playing for a percentage of box-office receipts.

On the twentieth evening of what to his old manager is a dimly remembered November, Mr. Booth opened with "Hamlet" his six months' season of Shakspere, "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Fool's Revenge," and on the line of the opening date Mr. McVicker made the first entry in his little old book. It reads:

"Preliminary expense, working department, et cetera, $1,612.08."

That sum goes a long way toward explaining why Edwin Booth still holds the high salary record, why a company could remain solvent and pay the share stipulated in his contracts. The actual cost of putting on the play was probably not more than half that figure. Mr. McVicker recalls that the vague classification in his unscientific if serviceable bookkeeping included repairs and odd items no "Hamlet" should be expected to shoulder.

To-day a New York producer could not afford to risk any money on a play without first spending between ten thousand and fifty thousand dollars to outfit the infant attraction. And unless he had posted an additional four, six or ten thousand with the Actors' Equity Association as security for two weeks' salaries and return railway fare for the company in the event of sudden closing, Equity would be expected to step in and stop rehearsals before the show opened.

The present average cost of producing a drama in New York—money that must be spent before the curtain rises—is about $20,000. The initial outlay for musical attractions—musical comedy, revue, operetta—may be twenty thousand dollars or two hundred thousand; and, as if this were not enough, the public runs the risk of being staggered at reading of amounts above the quarter million mark. The more than 225 plays and seventy-odd musical shows that in a year make the shifting pageant in eighty theaters, represent an investment that would have sounded unreal in Edwin Booth's day.

If he could come back to Broadway for a night he would probably be puzzled to know why, in an atmosphere redolent of money, it would not be possible for any producer to sign a contract this season such as he demanded and got when some of these producers were babies and

before most of them were born. A little investigation would reveal that the fault, if fault it be, of spending money so lavishly on plays to-day lies less in the stars who receive the top salaries than in what these stars might call the underlings. For, spectacular as are the earnings of a Marilyn Miller or an Al Jolson, players who toil through a season for salaries that waver between four thousand and five thousand a week, it is a fact that the few very high-priced performers with magnetic names are looked upon as mere accessory extravagances in a system that requires enormous bank accounts to put on plays and keep them on. Telling these salaries to the world, particularly the world back stage, has been a costly confidence to the business.

A comparison of the old Booth books with records of to-day turns a spotlight on what to him would be a new and unknown army of workers who operate expensively behind the visible apparatus of illusion.

The "Hamlet" of recent years that might most reasonably be compared to Mr. Booth's was the Arthur Hopkins production a few seasons ago with John Barrymore in the title part. It cost over twenty thousand dollars to raise the curtain. (The man who gave this information said a similar production to-day would cost thirty thousand.) As frequently happens, the play was put on in a hurry. Any one who saw it is sure to remember the Robert Edmond Jones scenery which later went for a long rest to a storehouse in London. These sets were moved from the mill where they were made to the studio where they were painted, on Friday preceding the opening Monday. In that interval no worker in the studio had either rest or sleep. A group of artists painted steadily on their step-ladders until the last weary stroke was done. That is an example of how a staff behind the scenes may operate expensively—frequently on double time—to do a quick and good but extravagant job to which the average theater patron pays little attention. Under labor union rules which have since become effective that opening would have been postponed. Scenic artists are no longer allowed to work all night. Thirty per cent of production expense could be saved, one busy producer said, if the theater planned far enough ahead. But usually everything is done in a hurry.

Half a century ago expensive scenery and splendor of costume were no longer important to Edwin Booth's program. He had had his fling at extravagance. In 1871 he spent the unprecedented sum of forty thousand dollars on "A Winter's Tale" at Booth's, his own theater, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. Two years later the theater was bankrupt and he was plunged in debts that burdened him for a long time. After that he sold his services to producers, who would meet his demands. Usually his contract called for fifty per cent of the gross receipts, sometimes more. A faded document of the period—Brooks and Dickson were the producers—specified:

"Witnesseth Said party of the first part engages to appear but six times each week above mentioned, in such rôles as he may select; that

said party of the first part is to be allowed all traveling, hotel and living expenses while out of the city of New York for self and his attendants, a special car for his exclusive use when desired, and the exclusive use of a proscenium box the entire period of this contract.

"Witnesseth that said parties of the second part agree to fulfil all the duties of management of any and every nature, to engage only such people for the supporting company as are acceptable and satisfactory to the party of the first part, to render statements of receipts nightly and to settle same weekly by turning over to the party of the first part or his representative fifty (50) per cent of the gross receipts of the six performances of the preceding week."

If the certainty of a stipulated sum seemed safer than risking half the receipts, Mr. Booth's contract sometimes called for a definite salary. In July, 1877, while planning for a season which was to include an engagement under Orlando Tompkins in Boston, he wrote from Greenwich:

"I told Tompkins I would give him three weeks beginning 4th of March. I thought it best to ask $700 per performance—$4,900 per week, as formerly, than to risk sharing terms at that theater. Drop Tompkins a line and tell him what I have acquainted you with, & ask if 'tis satisfactory, and you can also say that if he prefers I will share as at Daly's."

Another letter that week, dated July 11, describes the Booth terms at Daly's Theatre in New York. It says:

"Dear Horace, My terms with Daly were less than I thought. They were 50 per cent up to $1,500 (not $1,200 as I supposed) and 2/3 not 3/4 above that amount. To Tompkins, if he does not accept the certainty, put the $1,200 and 3/4 terms. Yours, EDWIN."

A guarantee sufficient to keep even a very hungry wolf from getting any further than the door, especially when you remember that ten per cent of the gross receipts is to-day's top price for the most expensive players. But it seems that these sums—and they can be sizable ones with tickets at $6.60, $5.50 and $4.40—are not the ones under which producers groan when they complain that there is no longer big money for them in the "show business."

The reasons why it was possible to pay Mr. Booth half and keep the company going, look calmly out from the old account-book. Here are figures charged against that opening "Hamlet" week:

| | |
|---|---|
| Salaries | $1,902.75 |
| Advertising | 461.25 |
| Rent | 375.00 |
| Properties | 38.46 |
| Sewing woman | 11.00 |
| Alcohol | 1.30 |
| Soap | .22 |
| Soda | .05 |
| Postage-stamps | 1.33 |
| Stationery | 1.20 |

Bookkeeping back in the hoop-skirt era being less departmentalized than it now is, it must be explained that the first item represented the salaries not only of Mr. Booth's supporting company, but also the

theater employees in front of the house and back stage—box-office men, door-men, ushers, stage door-man, the carpenter and his helpers.

The company salary list of the modern dress "Hamlet" put on in 1925 by Horace Liveright at what was supposed to be a minimum of extravagance amounted to $3,997.50 a week. Following are some figures that are set down partly as emphasis, and partly because there is an inescapable relation between presentations of Shakspere and showmanship, a relation that has to do with the least elastic elements in the vast ensemble of the pay-roll. These sums were charged in one week against a highly successful musical attraction:

| | |
|---|---|
| Company salaries..... | $15,142.00 |
| Front of the house salaries..... | 1,965.00 |
| Royalties..... | 2,450.00 |
| Orchestra..... | 1,529.00 |
| Advertising..... | 1,900.00 |
| Rent..... | 3,000.00 |
| Carpenters ..... | 1,170.00 |
| Soap, etc..... | 51.75 |

When a producer complains about his overhead he does not seem to be thinking of his stars, but always of those skilled and comparatively obscure lieutenants behind the machinery of enchantment, people whose rewards were meager in Booth's day.

Back in the seventies a carpenter and painter on the premises could do the necessary building and decorating when a new play was being put on. Now in one theater workshop in New York fifty men are busy all year round making stage scenery. Prices of building and painting have gone up a thousand per cent in the past few years.

Not so long ago a director could call a rehearsal, walk on to the stage, switch on a light, drag a few chairs and a sofa from somewhere, and begin his day's work. If he did that to-day he would stir up endless ramifications of trouble. Switching on the light is a specialized job. The man who is qualified to do that stays at the edge of activities for as many hours as the director works. Then he turns off the light. His pay is $1.50 an hour.

The "grip" who in Mr. Booth's day worked for twenty-five or fifty cents a performance shifting scenery, or for nothing and a chance to see the show, is now on the payroll for $54 a week, his pay having been increased $6 as a result of negotiations last September. There are shows this year that employ as many as twenty scene-shifters and property-men. A stage carpenter of the old days received $25 a week. Now he gets $82.50, the recent arbitration having advanced him from $75. Salaries of ordinary musicians and orchestra leaders have gone up from $21 and $30 a week to $85 and $125 a week. They used to give two rehearsals free. Now there is a minimum charge of $2 an hour. Had these prices prevailed half a century ago Edwin Booth's contract would hardly have demanded, as does one faded document, "an orchestra of thirteen pieces with leader." These are some of the people who, even more than the labor fraternity of the foot-lights, have become a problem to the seeker after vast profits from presenting plays.

Then there is the homely task of

trucking. On a winter day in 1877 Edwin Booth's production was moved from the Lyceum Theater at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, Manhattan, to the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. The old book records the moving bill: "Cartage in full to Brooklyn, $35." This year the least for which a truck will travel the few blocks from studio to theater is $20. It sometimes costs that much to return a few left-over boards to the factory after the sets have been finished. This past season after a show moved across the street from one theater to another somebody announced that the moving bill was $5,000. The distance was about forty feet.

From Brooklyn Mr. Booth and his company moved to the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. The cost is recorded in three lines:

| | |
|---|---|
| Railroad fares..... | $261.00 |
| Express and transfer..... | 14.95 |
| Cartage on baggage..... | 9.18 |

A 1928 producer who is not celebrated for economy paid $3,400 for railway fares in one week. It was a try-out trip, carrying 220 people from Washington to Boston in a private train that had five sleepers and six baggage-cars. The producer's name is, of course, Ziegfeld.

The statement is sometimes made that the most elaborate modern productions make money for every one except the producer. On a street where yesterdays are not popular topics of conversation they still recall Mr. Dillingham's "Sunny" that was put on for about $200,000, ran for 517 performances, took in an average of $34,000 a week for more than a year and made a dime for Mr. Dillingham. The costumes cost about $50,000, the building of the sets $15,000, and the bill for painting the scenery was $9,000. But if that type of show pays $3,000 weekly rent, and if the house is owned by the producer—as houses sometimes are—he is probably not at all inclined to pity himself as long as he is making good at what some outraged friends of the theater call the real estate business.

Edwin Booth's producers of the seventies seem to have made a fair profit. Writing to Mr. McVicker from Boston in March, 1878, Mr. Booth reported:

"Business is good. 'Hamlet' nights great. . . . Yet, as Tompkins has long been accustomed to take in $5,000 or $6,000 weekly profits on me he is, of course, dissatisfied. Have to change program every other day in order to appease his fears that the one announced won't draw."

In more than one way it must have been a "golden era" of the American theater—that period most of us know only in the high romance of history or hush-voiced hearsay. Had Edwin Booth been the only great actor of the seventies and eighties there would still be something fantastic about a man whose presence and achievements could tower so high above his confrères. Doubtless there were disgruntled protests against discrepancies then as there are now, while glamorous people in that gallery of greatness were busy with the luminous work that has kept their memories alive. One after another Mr. Booth's letters turn the light upon a bright

and momentous kaleidoscope of people whose art was supported and appreciated by discriminating audiences of the days when prancing horses deposited patrons at a theater's door in the grand manner—ladies in hoop-skirts, bustles, puffs and frills, and the men in evening clothes—without first subjecting them to the adventurous and tiresome drama of traffic-jams and delays.

Memorable names move in and out of these tapestried pictures of the times. "Met McCullough on the cars," Mr. Booth relates, "and he suggested my playing a part of his time at Booth's under his management. I like the idea." Meeting Modjeska at lunch and liking her is described in two lines. Another letter contains a casual roster of names whose current counterpart would be a welcome sight to the casting directors who complain about the scarcity of good men actors. Two lists of parts in his plays were tabulated by Mr. Booth for Charles Coghlan and Frederick Warde, and on the next page he suggested that "any three" of the following be engaged: E. L. Davenport, Louis James, McKee Rankin, Charles Thorne.

There were challenging names at other theaters the week Mr. Booth opened that profitable 1876–77 season. The principal rival attractions were: At Daly's Fifth Avenue, "As You Like It," with Charles Coghlan, Charles Fisher, William Davidge, Fanny Davenport; at Wallack's "The Shaughraun," with Dion Boucicault; at Booth's "Richard III," with Lawrence Barrett; at the Park, Lotta; at the Grand Opera House, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; at Gilmour's Garden, Mr. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth."

A dozen years later Mr. Booth's star was still in the ascendant. In less than four years his share of the Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett partnership, which ended with Mr. Barrett's death in 1891, was about $579,000, his weekly share sometimes exceeding ten thousand dollars. In the meantime a season in London, or, rather, the end of a season, when Mr. Booth had gone over "too late," brought meager rewards. Six words in his report on that discrepancy could summarize the confessions producers sometimes make to-day.

"Praise and plaudits, but nary ducats," he wrote. "H. R. H. came one night, but didn't help business a bit."

# As It Was in the Beginning

*Nature the Bourbon to Whom Party Loyalty Is the Primal Credo*

Raymond T. Fuller

It was, I remember, lying on my back in a hemlock forest on a mountainside (trying to think straight about the World Court) when suddenly the whole appalling truth fell upon me from the lofty trees. The jays shrieked it at me, the spiders spun it from the branches, the sunlight sifting down through the hemlocks preached it in golden hieroglyphics on the dappled forest floor.

It came like a vision—not like an argument, an appeal to reason, an injunction or a sentence to Leavenworth—it just dawned, that I, a life-long nature-lover who am likewise a congenital radical, had naïvely given fealty and homage unto a being literally dyed blue in arch-conservatism.

Nature, I saw suddenly, is the High Priestess of Conservatism; the Reactionary skin-tight and hide-bound; the rock-ribbed Farthest Right. And I, fond wretch, had loved her for the very qualities of repose and aloofness which are the sign-and-badge of her Status Quo Ante soul. Like any moon-calf with his first passion, I had so ivory-towered and pedestaled my idol that I could not see her as she is; I had come to dote upon her sympathy and unequivocal justice; to be re-urged by that restless insistence on life-at-all-costs which drives every organism on to its destiny. Ah, Nature one could come back to as to a timeless thing which reaches far back among the serried years and will reach far ahead into the ticking future! Thus thought I—until that hour in the hemlocks.

Consider—mocked spiders and jays and hemlocks and sunlight—the conservatism necessary when a creature like man proceeds to recapitulate the life-tree through his embryonic period, developing from an egg-shell microcosm to an end-product like Aristotle or Bertrand Russell, without skip or falter. How delicately does that creature appreciate just when to stop anabolizing; how acutely knows just when to begin! Who but the Pattern-maker herself decrees what length a finger shall aspire to? How patriotic each and every germ-cell of a species is and must be to reproduce faithfully, unerringly all the articles, paragraphs and sections of its ancestors' constitution! What faith in the faith of its fathers must every oyster ovum have: Ten million eggs, and each—ich kann nicht anders—may become just that, an oyster! To experiment is fatal. Swapping horses while crossing the swift stream of

protoplasm is not to be thought of. No linotyper will more closely "follow copy."

Consider the infinite perfection of that quantity-production mechanism whereby indistinguishable mosquitoes from Fuego to Nome, from Anticosti to Catalina, are poured forth upon the just and the unjust. Every one with the same devilishly fashioned legs, wings and probosces! A bird-note, like yonder jay's, will ever ring true to the type throat that utters it, wherever, whenever one hears it. The jay essays futurism of expression no more than mosquito; he is not an expressionist, dadaist, individualist, cubist, imagist, vorticist, realist, socialist, romanticist, protestant—he is only a conservatist. Made so. Will stay so. Will learn nothing and forget nothing. Will vary but minutely from the norm of a far-off yesterday.

To operate a hand-loom skilfully one must patiently train and then relegate to the limbo of habit, out of the way of the cogs of intelligence, a score of mechanical maneuvers. Even to finger a typewriter passing fair, one must not let his right hand know what his left cerebrum thinketh. How much the more must the unfolding of an embryo—which at every hour and every second, demands the shaping of some sure-fire process or workable organ—follow the model, the well-worn path, the deep-rutted highway, the practised formula of the past! Ontologically, each germ-cell once fertilized proceeds to grow into a pattern; to be a glass of fashion and a mold of form. He who deviates is lost. Reproduce! reproduce! cries every sex impulse under the sun—not Create! create! Nature commands us, as the oyster to seek life, life without stint or limit, but only as the race (or the party in power) prescribes. A year ago geologists discovered in Asia wasps entombed in amber at least four million years old, and not a jot did their bodies or their deducible social practices vary from the species there to-day!

Of course, man *has* set some unrest going in the natural world. For no matter how Tory he is, he is yet more liberal than anything else alive. And although he has agitated subversively among such otherwise safe and contented species as those of the Canines, the Bovines, the Gallinæ and the Irises—so that breeders hardly know upon what volcanoes they may be sitting—such unrest, such blocs into sects and subspecies, will finally come to naught, once the Big Stick of the Leader is laid by. Predictability is still the outstanding characteristic of non-human inheritance.

And this reversion to type, so common among domesticated animals and plants escaped from human care, what is it but that inevitable "come-back" of the Old Guard?—the reaction-cycle of Nature the Bourbon to whom party loyalty is the primal credo? The untended orchard and neglected strawberry-bed in a few annual spring elections go Tory, just as sure as a too highly bred Yukon husky or European royal family will "run out" in a few generations. And this intolerance, this non-acceptance of the estranged, the foreign, the different one, this habit is a factor of real survival-value to every species—just as among

men intolerance is a national virtue. The egregious ox is gored to death by the herd or stalked by the lion; the freak and monster are not suffered to reach maturity. Human war is but ordinary intolerance under high pressure—man is the only high-pressure animal—while the wild things do their warring every day in the struggle for existence. That their World War is daily cannot blind us to the fact that it is deadly—more relentless, more savage than Departments of Justice, Bomb Squads, or Mississippi lynchings—in its hatred for the chance differing individual. As for naturalization processes among the vast untamed, simply *no undesirables* are admitted. The price for life citizenship to sapling or weed is strict conformity to those stereotyped catechisms prepared by the Founder herself. No passport of growth can be issued to one who cannot prove of what seed he sprang.

There is another valid reason against biologic boat-rocking: the astonishing interdependability of the cells in an adult body. Conformity to *complete* specifications is absolutely essential. A man may not lift an arm or stretch a leg but that a hundred muscles elsewhere set themselves anew and a thousand capillaries act automatically. The blood-supply system in a mammal is perfection itself and adjusts itself to every possible movement or constriction of the body, and the thermostat arrangement whereby that blood temperature scarce varies a quarter of a degree during waking hours depends on uninterrupted communication between all parts and a regimented control. As a man thyroids, so is he; as his tiny suprarenals command, so shall his heart be also. Innovations in metabolism will throw an entire physiology out of gear.

Is, then, Evolution a myth? Does Nature not experiment at all? Does she not try out new organisms, new ways? Of course, she *did* "experiment" again and again on large scales, over millenniums—once—but evidence seems to indicate that she has ceased. Actually she has become the "tired radical"—that is, she has lost her impulse for reform and uplift. Something may have happened to the atomic energy on the planet. Sex and metabolism may be but shadows of their former selves. Nature has become satisfied: she has settled down in mauve marriage to the God of Things as They Were. Her interest in laissez-faire now parallels any American manufacturer's or banker's. It is as if having once and for all fitted round and square pegs into every hole on earth where survival is possible, she long ago reached a state of resignation—and yields only to man's importunate campaigns in the most unimportant of what we can call by-elections.

Trotter in "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War," discussing the trend of evolution, restates the captivating speculations of De Vries: Did periods of hectic saltation (wide and capricious variation) now and again appear among living species and cause a plague of new things to all but spontaneously begin upon earth? Are there, he asks, eras of disintegration when species go to pieces, and, like repeating sky-rockets, burst and reburst into a variety of

subspecies? How else could that highly complicated mechanism, the mammalian eye, of no use as an organ until perfected in toto, have appeared? Has our planet's clock of creative energy run down so that life can no longer explode like that? Suppose that, having arrived at last at such complex organisms, relying more and more on duplicating the good-enough works of the past, having accelerated to a limit her reproducing energy, Nature (like mankind?) were having less and less patience with originality; even standing back to the wall in dogged weariness. Science now insists that weariness is a cosmic feeling; it speaks of the "life-cycles" of stars. Of their beginnings after celestial collisions—inevitable under the laws of probability, time being no factor—being dispersed, shattered, nebulous; then contracting, vorticing, integrating, heating, cooling, life-supporting, chilling, and so on, without end. Physicists now talk openly of suspected life-cycles of the chemical elements (somewhat analogous to the phenomenon of metal "fatigue") wherein something un-elemental happens to an element so that its molecular characteristics are altered, and it becomes a different "element." Is Nature fatigued, conservative through cosmic disillusion—or just now at one of her nodes of recurrent indifference?

We of to-day shall not know. The very time of revolution of earth around sun has not varied, astronomers tell us, in a thousand years more than one ten-thousandth of a second! Yet, coal ages and glacial epochs *did* happen. There is even coal in Alaska! These several eras and epochs must have been caused by changes in orbit shape and length and by variations in the axis inclination to that orbit. And down through these changes life has been *mainly* a constant series of adaptations to surroundings—acceptance not protest. Even suppose De Vries has guessed a few words of the cryptogram, species once initiated must have preserved themselves by cautious conformity. Adapt or go! "If you don't like this country, why don't you get out!" If one tenth per cent carbon dioxide and twenty per cent oxygen don't satisfy—why, there's Jupiter or Mars!

This then is Nature's policy—what of her present *platform?* Well, here are some of the planks: Reproduction not creation; Acceptance not protest; Conformity not experiment; Tradition not innovation; Ruthlessness not reform; Adaptation not uplift. These are the politics of biology.

No, look not to "Mother" Nature, you left-wingers, for she is militarist, tyrant, go-getter, royalist, all in one, and her investment is the world. Your Rotarians, the Spokesman of whose Wheel steers them from the White House; your Kiwanians, devotees of the Great God Lunch; these be on firmer footing than you think! They have the League of Nature behind them, and ground under their feet!

# West Is East

*How a Kansan in Boston Discovered the Fact*

Samuel Merwin

It was all of forty years back (they said) when Hiram Boone came to Boston, from Kansas, to study sculpture. He was young, eager, bubbling with enthusiasms. His exuberant talent impressed his teachers as it later impressed the public. Before he'd finished art school his figurines found a ready market; the identical bits of living bronze that collectors and museums angle for to-day at prices that would have taken the young Hiram's breath away. He was big, vigorously outspoken, and, probably, in those earlier years, a bit uncouth. He found the East sobering, even dispiriting, and bluntly said so. Out West—so he'd tell you, stopping you on the street even, and holding your coat—the folks were hearty and open-handed and alive. People smiled at him, in the tolerant Boston way; but they couldn't smile at his work. Even then.

Nobody imagined that he'd stay East. But the slender, wistful charm of Angela Homans enchained him. He simply couldn't go back to the vast open spaces without Angela. And it was pretty nearly unthinkable that she should be moved. She was a delicately civilized product, entirely surrounded by family. Old family. Her life was bound up in it, as in the old home in Cambridge and the rather elaborate summer place at Beverly. Her father and mother adored her, and as the father was ailing, there was an argument that couldn't be met. They made, indeed, at the last, an immense concession in accepting Boone as a son-in-law. Perhaps that struggle tired him out. I don't know. But anyway, he married Angela; settled in Cambridge with a studio in the Fenway region; and became, in local eyes, a somewhat questionable Homans. For he had married an institution. He was helpless. Children came rapidly and were as rapidly enveloped in the family traditions of breeding and education. He could no more have asserted his personal tastes in those quarters than he could have moved the British Empire. Angela, though a delightful person in her decorous Boston way, and devoted to him, couldn't possibly have understood that sort of Bolshevism. And Angela, like all the Homans, beneath her surface of gentle breeding, was as unyielding as Plymouth Rock. The adjustment must have been difficult. Doubtless, during the earlier years there were scenes. There must have been; for Boone was a pretty spontaneous, even an ungoverned sort, at that

time. But whatever personal difficulties they may have lived through ended, for Hiram, in surrender. He didn't go back West at all—not for forty years.

It was not until his later years that I came to know him. We frequented the same club in the Back Bay. There he was an outstanding figure. Sixty or more. A huge bony man, with a rugged face and humorous eyes. His hands were big, yet deft. I used to enjoy sitting in a high chair in the billiard room watching his suave control of the ivory balls in 18.2 balk-line billiards. If no worthy opponent appeared he'd practise shots by the hour. He had that gift of absorption in whatever he might be doing that you find in men of ability. A thing began to seem important the minute he took it up. He couldn't do anything badly.

And his talk attracted me from the first. The letter r always rolled from his tongue with an honest Western burr. Everybody else in the club was low of voice, but his boomed. The others were nice in speech, but he swore as he breathed. Swore picturesquely, with much of the tang of the Bret Harte and Mark Twain days. In fact he never used polite English at all. If he liked a book or a painting, it was "swell." If he disliked it, it was "punk." He never said, "yes"; he said "yayah." He was, first, last and always, a Westerner in Boston. Increasingly so. Growing heartier and breezier and rougher with the years. Down in New York, where the wise-crackers live, they'd have dubbed him a professional Westerner. With his immense distinction—he was internationally famous by then—and his breezy, rough ways, he stood out in this rarefied region like a rocky mountain. They all accepted him, of course. Even chuckled over him. They weren't fools.

He was amusing on this topic. One day (after I'd come to know him well, and he'd come to accept me as a fellow Westerner) I said to him—"Hi, how do you ever stand it?"

"Stand what, my boy?" said he, chalking his cue, and squinting down at the shining white and red balls.

"All of it. Boston. The East. If ever a man was built to inhabit the great open spaces, it's you."

An odd expression came over the Lincoln-like face. Wrinkles, and that thoughtful squint. Then he flushed up. Banged the butt of his cue on the floor and abruptly spilled his thoughts. "Do you know what they're like, my boy? These people? Like a lot of Indians. Every one of 'em's got his bow and arrow and a pet tree to hide behind. They'll wait years for a shot at you. Never say a word. Just watch and wait. Sooner or later they'll get you. They get everybody that doesn't belong." He caught himself there, focused his attention again on the little problem on the green table, remarked—"This would be pretty swell, now"—and executed a deft massé shot that Willie Hoppe wouldn't have disowned. And he finished off the thought with this—"Oh, up to a certain point, I suppose I amuse 'em. They don't object to being entertained."

I caught a definite bitterness

behind the words. The reflection came that his loneliness, and the rasp, year in and year out, of something not unlike a racial cross-current in his life, may have been good for his work. Your really creative artist appears to need some irritant to rub against. It sharpens him up. If trouble isn't thrust on him he's likely to make it himself. Great artists are usually in hot water. But that was merely philosophizing. It hadn't occurred to me then that his personal trouble might have been growing acute.

He'd had the commission for some years to do a monumental piece of sculpture for his home city in Kansas. He didn't go out there. Just worked it out in his Fenway studio. A number of us followed the development of the heroic group with interest. Boone's whole soul went into it. We knew that. The principal figure was a pioneer, a forty-niner; and it was meant to suggest in every line and plane the buoyant hope and the conquering strength of the young West. Perhaps the subject, during those years of absorption in the old background, stirred him beyond endurance. I don't know. At any rate, he changed. This toward the last, when the thing was finished and he and Ed Ransom were to make the trip out there for the unveiling. He became quieter and graver. And rather wistful, I thought. They'd make a fuss over him, of course. A big time, locally. The home boy returning in triumph as a famous man. That sort of thing. And the West would do it up brown, in a great burst of booster enthusiasm. I rather wished I could be there to see it.

It was Ed Ransom who dropped the hint of serious trouble. Ed, an architect, worked with Boone on the pedestal and setting. One day over the domino table—nobody else was about. "I'm a bit worried about Hi Boone," said he. "Afraid he's in for something of a blow-up."

A day or so later Boone himself drew me aside and thrust out a big bony hand. "Well, my boy," he said, "we're off to-morrow. Ed and me. Ed'll be back. But for me it's good-by."

"You don't mean—" I began.

"I'm through. Going back where I belong. A man's better off to die among his own folks."

Just that. While we weren't much given about the club to asking personal questions, I couldn't resist mentioning the incident to Ed. He confirmed it. "Oh, yes! He's settled everything up. Told his wife he couldn't stand it any longer. They don't want talk, you understand; just a quiet, rather amicable separation. Yes, he's going back home. Back to the booming West. I confess I rather dread the trip myself. Life among the boosting boys. It'll be noisy."

"But—but"—all this had me stuttering—"how about the children?"

"Oh, they're grown. The job's pretty much done. Anyway, they're all Homans. He told me last night they were strangers to him. Pretty tough for the old boy. But there you are."

It was a week later that I received a letter from Ed. "I've had the surprise of my life," he wrote. "They've put us up at the University Club here, and it's de-

lightful. Good food, civilized people. Taste, actually. They play excellent bridge. And they have manners. They even speak the language. We're entirely surrounded by Harvard men. I see half a dozen classmates every day at lunch. Old Bascom is chairman of the Municipal Art Committee. Remember him? Think of it, son—Kansas! And Hi's a great hero. They're petting him half to death."

This picture of a polite community in Kansas didn't surprise me so much, for I'd followed the changing West with interest and, I like to think, understanding, and I was glad to know that Ed was seeing it straight. I thought no more of it, at the moment, than that.

A week later Ed appeared at the club luncheon table. Easy and chatty and pleasantly uncommunicative as usual. Kansas wasn't mentioned. Later in the afternoon I wandered up to the billiard-room, and what was my surprise to see old Hi Boone, in his shirt-sleeves, practising billiard-shots! Exactly as usual. He greeted me gruffly. Evidently didn't want to talk. Just went on placing the balls and experimenting with his touch.

Ed was the only one who'd know what it was all about. He usually looked in about five, so I made it a point to be there.

"Hi's back," said I.

"Oh, sure! He couldn't stand it. Got mad. Packed up and came home. Good thing."

"But why?"

"You see"—Ed was sententious at times—"poor fellow, he found he was the only Westerner there."

## Old Cities

Gertrude Ryder Bennett

I like a city that is worn and old,
  Where stones are hollowed by the press of feet,
Where gables sag, and open doorways hold
  A store of legends, where a narrow street
Will twist and turn before me leisurely,
  And windows stare at me like tired eyes.
    I know these cities and I love them well
      Because they seem to me
Like men who grow more feeble yet more wise,
  With nothing much to do, but much to tell.

# God in the Girls' College

*Impressions of the Silver Bay Student Conference*

Winifred Kirkland

Ten days with four hundred college girls keeps one busy sorting out one's impressions. Ten days with four hundred young people gathered for the purpose of discussing the profoundest subjects upon earth stirs one to thinking not only about these subjects, but about that still profounder subject, the young person herself. I found her too preoccupied with the world's concerns to know anything about the lithe energy of her carriage or the glow of her eyes. Strange that this young person, herself the finest flower of American prosperity, should be of all of us the one keenest to challenge the foundations of that prosperity.

Specifically, I went to the Silver Bay Student Conference to learn more about the college girl's religion. I had been hearing strange rumors both from my own alma mater and many other sources. I was warned that I should find a hard-headed young iconoclast, and I did. Also I didn't. I chose the Silver Bay Conference as promising the best opportunities for my investigation, because of the people who organize that gathering and because of the people who attend it. The Student Council of the Young Women's Christian Association knows more about the student's attitude toward God than any one else knows, for the simple reason that it has tried to know. It is of course a changing attitude. The girl collegian is not thinking about religion to-day as she thought ten, twenty, thirty years ago—or perhaps even one year ago. While other agencies have continued drowsy or dogmatic or indifferent to youth's needs, the Student Council has kept step with the college girl's walk toward God. Long and steadfastly it has wrought to permeate campus opinion, so that to-day, at incalculable cost in money and devotion, it is able in conference after conference all over the country to summon students by the hundreds to talk over the problems affecting their spiritual life. The Student Council works not from the outside down, but from the inside up, for the Council itself is composed of women long out of college and of undergraduates still there, working together in complete harmony. Out of their pooled information, these two united groups organize conferences that shall give the college girl what she wants in the way she wants it. For this reason, I felt that I should discover facts about her faith from the matter and the method chosen for her study by

those who had made a study of *her*. My expectation proved correct. Both from the *what* and the *how* of all that ten days' delving into problems of staggering profundity I *did* discover much. There were moments at Silver Bay, as I listened, when I felt that this most modern concourse had inherited the voraciousness of the early woman's club, which used to flit so lightly among all the immensities. As those crowded hours went on, I felt that I was learning much, not only about college religion, but about all contemporary religion. As those surging ten days recede into their proper perspective, I am still asking myself questions. How far does the experimental religion so popular in the colleges and out of them, carry? In giving the student what she wants in the way she wants it, is there danger of giving her only what she wants, and only in the way she wants it? Because she has had no other vital guidance, the Student Council has tried to serve the student. Is there danger that it might also shape her?

If the general plan of the conference so ably handled was a revelation of the college girl's requirements, she herself was of course a greater revelation. Thirty-two Eastern colleges, large and small, send delegates. As a whole, these delegates represent the finest idealism to be found in the American woman's college to-day. But there was present a healthy modicum of a different type. Girls were there from such earthy motives as a good time in the Adirondacks, or the base desire to discuss with representatives from other colleges the difficulties of self-government or the honor system. Responsible officers of college organizations constantly bewailed the irresponsibility of the present-day student as an organized unit of anything. Like many of her elders and inferiors, the girl student is a fierce individualist. There were girls at Silver Bay who had no connection with the Y. W. C. A. and who had never heard of that most significant recent statement of its purpose:

"We unite in the desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In this task we seek to understand Jesus and to follow Him."

While there were delegates at Silver Bay who were openly agnostic, even avowedly atheistic, these were a very small minority and proved stimulating for the others in those midnight continuation discussions known as "bull-fights." "No matter what we've talked about all day," girls told me, "religion is what we always come back to in our bull-fights." Religion was also the subject on which we always concentrated in my talks with individuals. At Silver Bay there exists a most delightful comradeship between elders and youngers. Out under a tree, on the hotel porch, down by the lakeside, thinking girls said to me things that set me thinking. After an interview I used to fly to my room and my note-book. Whenever a girl speaks in this article, she is using her own words. If my impressions of four hundred girls in busy mental action should seem contradictory, that is what my conclusions actually were, and still are; for the college

girl of to-day is a live and fluid thing, and her faith the most real and elusive quality in all her make-up.

The conference opened, and to a large extent continued, in such a riot of questioning, doubting, challenging, as I could not have imagined. He who would get anything across to the heart of youth to-day must do so against a barrier of spears. By diligent inquiry, the Student Council has ascertained that the four subjects now of burning interest to the campus are internationalism, the ethics of industry, the relations of men and women, and religion. For the presentation and discussion of these four subjects the conference brought together all the specialists it could commandeer. These specialists were instructed always to elicit opinion, but never except on demand to express it. By careful prearrangement the opening lectures endeavored to state the "major problems of civilization," but avoided solutions beyond the implication that the Christian faith might have something to offer. To judge from her own comments, both subject matter and the manner of approach were highly satisfactory to the student herself. "At these conferences," said one delegate, "they used to offer us solutions, which satisfied us at the time, but which we promptly forgot. Now they give us questions that we can never forget until we find the answers." Another comment is suggestive for those of us who would to-day serve youth—"We college girls are fed up with people who are sure." But it is even more suggestive for the thinking adult that later in the conference it was to two people who were "sure," that these rabid young investigators turned with an utter little-girl trustfulness of which they were quite unconscious.

The general spirit of unabashed inquiry was reflected in the small group which came to me as informal leader in order that we might talk over together the "personal problems of religion." The first day I met these twenty diligent doubters, I was buffeted and beset as never before in my life. Why God anyway? Why Jesus? How did I know a good Christian might not have been as good a man if he had been a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or a Confucian? It was not the faith that made the difference, but the man's application of it. What was my own faith, they suggested, but mere personal opinion and personal bias? Could Christian principles really be applied to the life of to-day? For instance, to the jolly life of the campus crowd? Jesus knew only the conditions of ancient Galilee. What could he know of to-day?

Cornered by their onslaughts, I still managed to ask whether they knew as much about Jesus as they appeared to know about Buddha or Gandhi or Bergson? They did not, and my barbed inquiry penetrated far enough for me to perceive a possible line of entrance. Why does not some live Christian write a life of Jesus designed for a live girl's reading? The college girl is honest. She admits she knows very little about Jesus. On one occasion a charming child, aged circa twenty, said to me, "I really don't know much about Him. Did Jesus really never sin? Then I don't think I like Him. I prefer Judas. He was more human."

The college girl is as open as she is ignorant. If some of us haughty Christians would condescend to make Jesus of Nazareth presentable to the student, we should be doing both Him and her a service. While she is instructed in all the latest discoveries of science, she is laughably uninformed as to the latest achievements of Christian research, and as to the scholars and apostles of to-day. A life of Albert Schweitzer would sell like wild-fire in our colleges. While the Christian church putters away over dogmas and prayer-books and denominations, the Christian church itself is in jeopardy, for at this hour it stands precisely where Paul stood on a hilltop in Athens. It may do what Paul did, or it may not do it; but if the Christian church passes into history as a failure, it will deserve to, because it is contemptuous.

Later on that same morning I gained other impressions of the present-day young person and of the way of approach to her. I happened to meet in the hall the most belligerent debater of all my recent group. We had never seen each other before that day. I expressed regret that the previous hour had proved so ineffectual.

"Oh, you mustn't mind!" she cried, her eyes wide with sympathy, "you mustn't feel that way, not you yourself!"

So long as I had even appeared to sit in the seat of authority, only hostility! The minute I became merely a troubled woman, all sympathy. The incident is as typical as it is significant. The college girl has a relentless young brain offset by a heart instant in an understanding of its elders such as I am sure no adults in history have ever had accorded them. But let those of us who respect her remember that the girl of to-day will not be led. She will go with you—perhaps, but she will not follow. Silver Bay revealed this strange contradiction: that the present-day college girl, while conspicuously equipped for leadership, is as averse to being a leader as to having one. This curious anomaly caused one keen looker-on to pronounce, "The most passive crowd I ever saw." Why? I mentioned my puzzlement to a thoughtful girl. She explained it instantly.

"We college girls have heard so many, many arguments about everything, we discuss so many, many things, that we'd like to settle down a little while and watch how these arguments work out before taking any action. This passiveness is only temporary, I believe." This observer, still in her teens, confirmed in my mind an impression I was coming to feel as more and more characteristic of the whole assembly. As the days went on, I had a growing sense of expectancy, of the hope for some clear conclusion and resolve as a climax to all the intense investigation. I wonder if this feeling of suspended action does not spread to-day beyond the limits of any conference or campus. It is as if all thinking people perceived the need of a crusade, but waited for a driving impulse and a daring leadership.

This same girl revealed in its extreme the prevalent hostility to all dogmatic interpretation of Jesus.

"Why must I come to God through Jesus? I wish to come to God directly, to speak to Him

directly, why must I interpose Jesus between myself and Him? Jesus was a good man, but there have been other good men." When, quite simply, I told her that to me Jesus seems something more than a good man, she replied at once, "You may be right, but for myself I cannot see Him that way. I may be wrong, but I would rather be wrong and honest with myself, than right and dishonest with myself."

Everywhere I observed a readiness to study Jesus as revealed by history and by experience combined with a reluctance to accept Him as taught by dogma. The average collegian employs the word Jesus freely, but refuses to pronounce the words, Jesus Christ. This attitude need worry no one so long as a representative senior can speak as she did to me. Against a background of soaring mountain and blue lake, I looked into her clear uplifted face as she tried to analyze her answer to my question—"What do you yourself think college girls are thinking about religion?"

"One class of girls," she replied, "think religion ought not to be discussed at all, not dragged into the open. They wish just to let it alone. But as I look at those who feel this way, they seem to me to be girls who are indifferent not only to religion, but to everything.

"Another class come from very conservative homes and churches. They have believed everything in Genesis, and they are bowled over by the new knowledge they get in their freshman year. In my own college, 'freshman Bible' is a course that we recognize as always upsetting. We older girls have got past all that, and try to help the younger ones. Most college girls have got safely past the conflict between religion and science."

For a study of student faith, this remark is most illuminating. While many pens and pulpits are still devoting their energy to the seeming opposition of science to religion, thinking young people have already settled that question for themselves and are passing on to others. Those of us who are trying to understand the thoughts of youth should wake to the fact that it is not the matter of science that is to-day influencing their faith, but its method. Trained from babyhood to scientific examination of all data, our student thinkers demand of religion the laboratory technique of argument, proof and action. But let no one condemn this scientific attitude when it results in such open-minded conviction as was expressed by this same girl.

"I myself," she said, "had never thought much about Jesus until He began to grow clearer and brighter to me in the new lives of Him that are appearing to-day. I began to consider the relation between God and Jesus, for God you think about, but Jesus you see. When I look at people, it seems to me that those who really feel Jesus as a presence are braver politically, and that makes me want to know more of that presence for myself."

"Braver politically," that is the very essence of the college girl's demands—that religion be braver politically and industrially and internationally and socially. I could gather an eager audience whenever

I gave instances of Christianity in action. For the young realist of to-day, religion must first of all be brave.

That band of twenty that had come to me on the first day had on the second reduced itself to twelve, but these were girls toward whose reverence and earnestness I myself felt reverent. While all about us the big conference continued its busy examination of the "major problems of civilization," and continued also all its happy multiplicity of social activities, each morning my little group continued its discussion of the personal problems of religion. One day we tried to enumerate some of the causes that, both among college students and other people, prevent the acceptance of the Nazarene and of that social order He called the Kingdom of Heaven. Here are the reasons that were given, one by one—to follow Jesus means giving up too much; people are too comfortable to think about religion at all; the church has associated Jesus with gloom; many students are so enjoying study, especially scientific investigation, that a vague ethical religion associated with happy intellectual activity satisfies them; a conventional, formal religion has for many people become a substitute for true devotion; denominationalism prevents many people from entering any church; the fundamentalist-modernist quarrel has so disgusted many students that they don't want any religion at all, but these, the speaker interpolates, probably have more religion than they admit. Remember that this little circle of girls are all church-members; what they said indicates what the college girl is thinking about the church. But what is the church thinking about the college girl? To a large extent it does not seem to be thinking about her at all. If it did, it might also begin to think about some other things mentioned in that morning's talking.

It is an arresting fact that within the last year both Vassar and Bryn Mawr have dropped the word Christian from their great religious associations. These two colleges are doing an immense amount of social-service work in their communities. What have we done with our stewardship, we older ones who dare to call ourselves Christians, that our younger sisters, active in all good works, should refuse this word for themselves? What did the Bryn Mawr girl mean when she said in explanation, "We thought more girls might join our work if we dropped the term"? The Vassar representative said, "I think we lost something when we gave up the word Christian." Vassar no longer has compulsory chapel, with the consequence that of twelve hundred and fifty students, only some fifty attend. Yet the college service on Sunday morning is thronged if Fosdick or Niebuhr, Bruce Curry or Hornell Hart, preach. Is it possible that these are churchmen willing to follow the example of the Student Council of the Y. W. C. A. in giving the college girl what she wants in the way she wants it?

The point of view of Vassar and Bryn Mawr became more comprehensible to me when one day I found myself reëxamining that same worn label, Christian. I confided to a new

friend, "This conference is most stimulating, but it should not call itself Christian." Later on I was to realize that this comment was most superficial and that the conference was as Christian as the Student Council knew how to make it. It happened that the person in whom I confided had unobtrusively become a power in that great crowd. Girls flocked to her. They crowded her room. She was quite new to them, as was also—to most of them—her simple black garb of the Episcopal deaconess. Not one of the trained and accustomed leaders had the effect that this woman in her shining unconscious friendliness seemed to have. Was it that these others, desperately conscientious to share with the student the popular attitude of speculation, purposely refrained from giving her what she really craved, namely, their own *sureness?* It is significant that of all the women there, there was no one more widely read than this deaconess, more variously informed, more learned in the values of those other religions and philosophies of which the girls talked with such glib superficiality. She was also widely experienced in the experiences of others, rich and poor, young and old. Yet she never dreamed of arguing either for her faith or for her church; she merely went about with a shining face and kindled eyes, and the girls, all unknowing, turned to her in utter trust because they recognized that she belonged to that serene number who are "sure."

As day after day the din of discussion continued, I kept wondering where all this talk was bringing us. Was this conference merely copying and intensifying the spirit of science dominating the world to-day, science that has brought us to an altar, but refuses to let us kneel? Then across all the questioning there fell a sudden peace, strangely felt out to the very edges. "He has come!" girls said to me. "He has come!" said the leaders. Later I saw him, merely a slim gray-haired man, with a bearded radiant face, a man with a college son and daughter of his own, and a veteran of many a conference. To them all, he had been delivering always the same simple perennial message. Standing before the crowded auditorium, with many arguments, but without apologies, quite as simply as an old Methodist hymn, he stood up for Jesus. He spoke as a man of wide culture and experience and of inalienable courtesy to all doubt. He employed the ablest of arguments, but in actuality he was his own argument. "Show me a better religion than Christianity and I will accept it." These were his words; but there was no one there, looking and listening, who did not realize that the proof of his faith was the man that sixty years of living it, had produced. For the two days of his stay this man of God was mobbed. I do not know whether he ate or slept, for eager crowds beset him; but it was a very tired man who again stood before the audience regretting with a smile his lack of preparation. "I am not responsible for standing here to-night." When he had closed, the student chairman of the conference, a Holyoke senior, rose and uttered the most memorable words spoken in all the ten days: "Dr. X is wrong when he says he is not responsible for being here to-

night. He *is* responsible, for he gives us what we want, and that makes us ask for more."

The next day this same girl-leader said to me of Dr. X, "Don't you think he looks like Jesus?" And another delegate said of him, "He gives us peace." On another occasion this second girl, who is a day pupil in her college, had told me, "Often we others watch the Catholic girls stopping at their churches to pray, and wish that our churches were open, too, that we also might stop a few minutes, on our way to school, to pray." The Silver Bay Conference, always conscientiously experimental, provided two methods of morning worship—the more familiar type, consisting of hymn, prayer and brief address in the auditorium, and, in the little rock-built chapel, a quarter hour of silence accompanied perhaps by music softly played by a blind girl-delegate, or by little sentences from sacred writing read from time to time like the falling of raindrops on the stillness. The little chapel stood open from early day to early night, and any one who shared the kneeling reverence of the girls gathered there in stillness, will never afterward forget. Peace—is that what she wants, the college girl of to-day?

Dr. X's coming made a midway climax in the conference. After his going, interest obviously sagged. The discussions continued, the sense of expectancy continued. One waited for something more to happen, but it became obvious that nothing more was going to happen. To many a girl Dr. X had brought conviction. Does the college girl need something more than conviction? If so, she did not get it at Silver Bay.

The last evening I shall long remember because more and more it typifies for me the kind of faith now being offered to the girl student by those who alone have sought to understand her. More and more the pictures etched in my memory on that last evening symbolize for me both the sincerity and the deficiency inherent in all purely intellectual approach to God. Just how far can the scientific, intellectualized creed, now in vogue on the campus and off it, carry the student or any of us? The unremitting examination of everything may result in either one of two perils. It may cause a dangerous complacency. Americans believe in the magic of mere investigation. We tend to think an evil talked about, is cured. The second peril is that of a dangerous hesitancy before action, a reluctance to choose one of two alternatives, both equally unproved or equally over-proved. As a means of illumination, experimental religion is but the flickering of little candles; it has not the confidence to become a blazing pillar of fire.

On that last evening we gathered, all of us in white, in the big auditorium. The lights were dim, the great crowd hushed. The words of a ritual composed for the occasion were spoken, but they seemed strangely insufficient to conclude all the hopeful earnestness of those ten days. Strangely thin under the shadowy roof, beneath the high black summer sky—wistful rather than assured—sounded the chorus

of the Silver Bay Prize Song of 1923 —"New lamps for old."

When the building had been completely darkened, came the ceremony of the candle lighting. Beginning at the front, each one present lighted the candle of the person on her right, until all of us stood there in the dark holding high a silvery taper. Then, marching, we passed down the aisles and out into the night, where an immense ring of shadowy white was formed, outlined by tiny candle points. And up into the black immensity over our heads floated the words of that other Silver Bay hymn—beginning, "And we who would serve the King."

As the last notes died, the circle broke, and all still holding the burning tapers, stuck in a bit of paper, carried them to the dark lake-edge and set them afloat. It was amazing how far those little individual candles went, how high and convincing they loomed out of the darkness! It was hours before the last brave adventurer of them bobbed out, lost in the brooding shadow of overhanging mountains.

Those frail, bold little candles haunt my thoughts as I try to summarize my impressions of the Silver Bay Student Conference. In giving the college girl only what she wants, and only in the way she wants it, how far did the Student Council of the Y. W. C. A. carry her toward the things that youth to-day is really craving? It carried her far, as far as it could, as far as any experimental religion can, but that is not far enough. In what I believe to have been its profoundest purpose, the Student Council succeeded gloriously, for on the last morning I heard girl after girl make the same statement. In varying words but unvarying testimony, these said the great new thing they were taking away was the sense that religion permeates every department of life, and must become the primary solution and motive in all the problems they had discussed. To have permeated a mass of four hundred girls with this conviction is a high and holy achievement. But my point is that conviction is not enough; for effective religion something more is required. Four hundred girls left Silver Bay in the spirit of crusaders, but without the weapons needed by crusaders and without the leadership needed by crusaders. These are requirements no experimental religion can ever give, for by virtue of being experimental it lacks authority; by virtue of being scientific, it lacks mysticism; by virtue of being intellectual, it lacks emotion. Emotion was the one thing never permitted at Silver Bay. One evening I heard a woman leader of a group that was studying sex-psychology say, "I never feel that I am accomplishing anything so long as students take notes. I don't want to get into their note-books. I want to get into their nervous systems." At Silver Bay religion was never permitted to get into the nervous system. Those who organized the conference said to me, "There is nothing the modern girl hates like emotionalism." My own idea after watching the modern girl for ten days is that she hates emotionalism, which exhausts, but craves emotion, which satisfies. She may not have formulated the truth that religion requires the fusing of conviction with emotion, but at Silver

Bay I saw the effect upon her of two people who exemplified this type of perfected faith and whose every action was evidence to the emotional force of a driving personal love for a personal God. Every thinking girl grasped as clearly as I the significance of the fact that the man who had most influence on the platform and the woman who had most influence in personal contact were both not merely the exponents, but the results, of a brave and liberal, yet traditional, religion.

Has the church no other like ambassadors of good-will to send to youth? To what haughty distance has the church of Christ retired that it leaves to others the guidance of youth toward God? The church of Christ has much to learn from these others, who precisely because they have so patiently kept step with her, lack the visioned mysticism and authority to lead the girl of to-day. The more the church loses touch with youth the more it may itself lose touch with its Founder. Humbly to discover and reverently to meet the college girl's needs might mean to the church itself that intensifying of its own faith, that courage for its own endeavor which alone shall save it from decay—for these are the things the college girl of to-day asks of religion and of its stewards: a love of God greater than love of dogma, or of denomination, or of dispute; an honesty of intellect as absolute as her own; a sympathy with herself as warm as her own sympathy with her elders; a bold crusading leadership against the heavy evils of our day; and above all she asks to know Jesus as man before she is asked to know Him as God, which, by the way, was all He Himself demanded when beside another lakeside He said to youth, "Follow me."

# The Magnificent Phrase

*Fragrant with the Lives of Those Who in the Past Have Also Loved Them*

Arthur Hobson Quinn

Those who are concerned with the English language as a useful though rapidly disappearing institution, are wondering what can be done about it. In earlier days assaults upon our linguistic purity from foreign invasions gave us great concern. I remember the mingled horror and delight with which a group of college teachers heard the swift rebuke of a waitress at a restaurant in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when one of their number tried to correct her English. In response to his suggestion that he would like a second portion of potatoes, she replied briefly:

"De potatoes is all over."

Then he fell into the trap. "All over what?" he asked blandly.

With the air and the intonation of one rebuking a small child, she closed the conversation. "All over *with*," she said.

But we do not worry any more about dialects; in fact we collect them with care and even encourage students to write theses about them. For dialects after all are the preservers of language—it is the colloquialism that kills. The purity of our tongue is slaughtered daily in the house of its friends. Not so long ago I heard a graduate of a woman's college (which considers itself without rivals) remark over the telephone:

"No, he's not my hitch; he's only my side-kick," and I recognized the old process by which metaphor was enriching the spoken vocabulary!

I was not very much disturbed about the matter. Slang, like everything else, has to fight for its life, and there is a survival of the fittest here as elsewhere. Time places gently but firmly on its rubbish heap the pet slang of the earlier generations. "Dude," "chestnuts," "swell," "to rubber" are with the snows of yesteryear.

But if Time destroys, he preserves also. Out of the myriads of phrases and sentences that the human mind has conceived, there survive for our delight a few whose magnificence challenges the centuries. They may be in verse or prose, they may have sprung from a great occasion, or have been wrought out in the bitter solitude of a lonely heart, fighting a battle with the world or with himself. But they are, to those who love the delicate and the desirable things, fragrant with the lives of those who in the past have also loved them.

Knowing well that it is not what we learn but what we remember that counts, it is our duty to see that the next generation discovers these treasures, apparently, for themselves. All we can do, perhaps, is to put the

great past or the great present in their hands, hoping that the miracle will happen. If the poem or the novel or the play is forced upon the boy or girl by the requirements of a reading list, there will be no sudden glory. But if we are wise, we will begin with something familiar, some phrase that he has heard, perhaps, out of its context. Who would not wish to recapture the thrill that came upon him when for the first time there rose out of the utter perfection of Poe's "To Helen,"

"the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

The rising generation may know little about Rome and less about Greece, but that little is enough, when the spark of these phrases kindles their imagination. Then there flashes before them the contrast between that concrete life of Hellas, near to the gods, full of sunlight and passion, and the mightier tramp of the Roman power, more abstract, more imperial, moving onward to the dark. If the reader makes these phrases part of himself, they will lead him, like Poe, back to "his own native shore," for it is part of the spell of the magnificent phrase that it gives us of its power and beauty little by little, growing with our widening knowledge and our breadth of vision. These lines of an American boy have become the gateway to thousands who have been stirred by them to learn more of the two great civilizations. And the more they learn, the more they see how Poe leaped across the paths of scholarship with the instinctive insight of genius.

Perhaps later years will lead the reader to know something about Poe himself. This is becoming, of course, harder and harder, as the layers of modern psychopathic criticism obscure the figure of a hard-working man of letters who was no puzzle at all to himself or to those who knew him best. Those who have cherished his many great phrases—for Poe wrote in phrases rather than in words—are content to leave his supposed impotency with his critics, who themselves show more signs of it. Far better is it to study his poems in their different forms, as year by year he revised them, until the merely striking expressions of his youth became the glorious epithets of his maturity. "Hard work spoils no phrases" might be incorporated in our proverbial philosophy.

If Poe by substituting "glory" for "beauty" in the ninth line of "To Helen" worked magic, so one of his great phrase-making contemporaries took the discarded word and made it into a confession of faith for those who believe in Poe's own creed. Emerson the teacher, the preacher, the reformer, was the man who carved the line:

"Then Beauty is its own excuse
for being."

Could the doctrine of Art for Art's sake be put more completely? If Poe has met in the other world the seer who dismissed him from consideration as "that jingleman," he must by this time have expressed his regret that the most perfect expression of the gospel of beauty for itself alone should have been created by some one else. Emerson, who was always more than content to be the first to say a good thing, would know of

course the proper reply. He might indeed be willing with silence, for the phrase speaks for itself. It is not only a defense against those who believe that poetry must teach something; it is also an attack. In the clear light of its serene completeness, how much contemporary verse, shorn of its capitals and punctuation, zigzagging across a suffering marginless page, shrivels up into its organic ugliness or futility. I wonder if Emerson would not have chosen this line for his tombstone, instead of the two now graven on it:

"The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

For it is an essential of the magnificent phrase that its appeal is swift and sure, and I remember being one of a group of four who held four differing opinions about the meaning of the obituary selection. Perhaps Emerson would have preferred his

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

But the great phrase-makers are not allowed to choose which of their sayings will go down with them into immortality. It is a fascinating matter, however, to speculate upon. The greater the man, the harder would be his task, and we had better leave out "Shakspere and the Bible" at once. Wordsworth should have sense enough to choose his

"old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Keats would have little difficulty, for, like Emerson, he put the whole matter into

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Longfellow would prefer, I am sure, his exquisite

"Love, laughter and the eternal joy of song"

to the many quotations from his earlier verse which arise to plague him.

Poetry gives us most of our magnificent phrases, but not by any means all of them. The rhythm tends to fix them in our memories, and the prose phrases to which we turn back have a certain rhythm of their own. Henry James, who wrote at times a distinguished prose, coined many a fine phrase that clutches at the memory. One of the best occurs in "The Lesson of the Master," when the novelist speaks of the artist who has not done his best: "He may still hear a great chatter, but what he hears most is the incorruptible silence of Fame."

This phrase summons before it, as before a bar of judgment, those who have deliberately chosen the purlieus of life for description or who have exploited the base or the banal for their own immediate profit.

Phrase-making is not dead even in these days when the celebration of the little things in life seems to occupy so much time and space. In "The Age of Innocence," Edith Wharton described her great incarnation of romance, the woman, as having "the mysterious authority of beauty." Like all magnificent phrases, it assumes at once a royal quality. What a flood of light it throws upon the processes by which beauty strikes home to us! It chal-

lenges even the right to dispute; for, while there are fashions in beauty as in everything else, there are the eternal principles which never change. One of the qualities which inheres in beauty is mystery. As Lizette Woodworth Reese says, "From wonder unto wonder do we go."

Even the so-called classics have their own shrouded aspects. Perhaps Matthew Arnold never wrote anything finer than the opening lines of his sonnet on Shakspere:

"Others abide our question, thou art free."

Supreme Beauty asks and answers no questions. It speaks with finality. When Edwin Arlington Robinson writes of Lincoln,

"The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old,"

what is there left to say? It has the authority of great insight and it flashes the illumination of sympathy into the mysterious recesses of Lincoln's life.

Through all the ages poets and scholars have been laboring to define poetry. But when William Watson, in speaking of the poetry of Burns, said

"Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang"

he put into one line the qualities of the songs which the world will not let die.

But it is not alone in the celebration of beauty that the magnificent phrase arises. There come "the times that try men's souls," when beauty has to be forgotten and force reigns. Perhaps even a greater thrill comes over us when a sentence like this of Tom Paine's rises out of the dusty pages of "The Crisis," unread now by the land whose freedom he helped to win. It is the fortune of those who have coined the magnificent phrases of history that they are usually forgotten. Their personalities have been sunk in the great occasion which inspired the utterance. Tom Paine published thirteen issues of "The Crisis," and from the first to the last one, beginning "The times that tried men's souls are over," they are extremely well worth reading. But Paine is now remembered chiefly, if dimly, as an atheist, through a delightful confusion of thought, reflected in the decision of a godly Philadelphian who refused to send his son to the University of Pennsylvania because it had given Paine an honorary degree! Yet he has left us among many striking sentences, one phrase at least which sweeps away all the modern efforts to minimize the heroism of the Revolution. Those were indeed the times that tried men's souls. What matter if it was a minority who fought against treason and inertia? All the more honor to the minority who were, as usual, in the right.

Now that history is being gently but firmly pushed down the educational sliding-board in order to make room for vocational studies for those who have as yet no vocations, it is probable that obscurity will settle not only on the phrase-makers but even on the phrases themselves. How obnoxious can one make one's self by proposing that the avid discussion of personalities now passing

under the name of conversation might be varied by guessing the authors of half a dozen of the great utterances of our own history. Who knows the name of the diplomat who flung in the teeth of Talleyrand's emissaries the answer of a young Republic: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"? Modern society is not alone in its forgetfulness. Emerson liked the phrase so much that he attributed it in his poem upon Boston to that city, apparently upon the broad grounds that, being a fine thing, it must have sprung from his own birthplace. That it was spoken by Charles C. Pinckney, of South Carolina, made no difference to the Sage of Concord. Yet if ever a statesman deserves to be remembered, it is surely the author of that ringing challenge of an honest American gentleman against the sordid attempt at backstairs extortion by methods which European diplomacy thought good enough for "a nation of shopkeepers." A nation, incidentally, that was just then busily engaged in paying its war debts, without much income and with no fuss at all.

What decides the immortality of a phrase? Time and circumstances, of course, but there must also be a rhythmical cadence, and, if possible, a striking antithesis. One or both are found in the phrases of Paine and Pinckney. Lowell's "It is not enough to love one's country; one must be in love with it" owes much to the balance of thought against thought which has been a characteristic of our literature ever since the days of the syndicate that wrote "Beowulf."

Climax, too, is a great aid to memory. None knew this better than Abraham Lincoln. Fortunately for him he had not taken much formal rhetoric at school and had never been taught "not to repeat a word in the same sentence." So he took a current quotation, "Government of, for and by the people," and, by repeating the word "people" twice, made a magnificent phrase of an ordinary one. Sometimes Lincoln's great phrases are put to a cruel use. Virtually every sentence of his "Gettysburg Address" is memorable, and probably nowhere has an orator kept so steadily on the wing. Over the stage of the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Building in Pittsburgh some grim humorist has painted this address. I say "humorist" because no matter who speaks from that platform, his words at once are brought into contrast, in the minds of his audience, with those of Lincoln. It is perhaps pardonable to mention that I became aware of this unfortunate circumstance while attending an educational convention.

Curiously enough, a phrase is at times helped to longevity by misquotation, especially if its proper form is vastly superior to the garbled version. During the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence many persons quoted one of its magnificent utterances as "Man is entitled to life, liberty and happiness." But the great thinkers who framed the Declaration had said something much more profound than this. Man is entitled to life and to liberty—yes—but he is entitled only to the "*pursuit* of happiness." What a change that makes! How it suggests without cynicism but with rare understanding, the never ending

hope, deferred but indestructible, which is life itself. The confusion has been accidental and perhaps helpful because the correction calls attention to the pivotal word. On the other hand, a magnificent phrase may be deliberately ruined for partizan purposes. I heard President Wilson make his speech in Philadelphia in which the phrase "A nation may be too proud to fight" was uttered. No one in the vast throng who listened to that great fighting spirit, as he held up the ideal of American citizenship to the group of immigrants whose reception made the occasion, failed to understand him. But around his heels there were already snapping those who spent their days in fearing that the President of the United States would do or say the right thing, and the lofty idealism of that phrase was twisted into an expression of cowardice on the part of one who was never afraid either of his friends or his enemies.

After all, it is the universal quality which is the salvation of the magnificent phrase. Neither Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," nor Farragut's at Mobile Bay, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead," are limited by nationality in their appeal. They can be understood just as well by a Frenchman as the defiance of his own troops at Waterloo. "The Guard dies—it never surrenders!" can still wake an echo in the hearts of those who were then their foes. "We love him for the enemies he has made," though spoken of Grover Cleveland, has become a touchstone of greatness by which his successors may be tested with a deadly accuracy. Into the limbo of forgotten things have gone most of the catch-words of politics, however potent they were for a short time. But this eloquent tribute to the man who would "rather be right than President" appeals perennially to those who love courage and honesty and a will of steel.

It is this marriage of courage and beauty which molds the memorable phrase into permanence. Alan Seeger's

"I have a rendezvous with Death"

or Rupert Brooke's

"there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England"

are a heritage that will remain when the rhetoric of the late war is gone.

But courage is not a prerogative of the times of war alone. The post-war days of the nations are the hardest always for the things of the spirit. That is why Eugene O'Neill, poet and mystic, thrills us in "Marco Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed" with his message of hope. When *Lazarus* cries

"Man's loneliness is but his fear of life"

and when *Tiberius*, overwhelmed by the nobility of *Lazarus*, against which his imperial will had striven in vain, calls out to the crowd around the martyr's flames:

"Cæsar is your fear of man! I counsel you, laugh away your Cæsars!"

we recognize the apostle of hope.

The daily patter of existence upon our minds and hearts is bearable only because of the rarer moments when our souls are uplifted and we really live. The whole problem of life is to

increase the number of those loftier hours. How wise it is to add to our resources the gifts which the apostles of power or of beauty offer so freely. Then we can, for our comfort and delight, take them from the storehouse of memory, and relive, even at a great distance, the moments of inspiration which visited the creators of the magnificent phrase. They are the world's creditors, but they can be repaid only by the gratitude of unseen generations whom they have quickened to a knowledge of beauty or touched with the accolade of honor.

## UNITY

CATHERINE PARMENTER

"I am a part of all that I have met . . ."
So spake Ulysses through the poet's lips—
Of love and war—of luring seas and ships—
Of all that he could never quite forget,
Nor ever lose. And so am I a part
Of good and evil that have builded these
Mosaics of a thousand memories
Within the changing pattern of my heart.
So, from my Ithaca the ships set sail:
Dream-ships that cannot perish—that defy
The seven seas . . . the tempests of the sky.
I own my dreams—where other hearts may fail.
Swept by the challenge of the north wind's breath,
I am a part of love—and life—and death!

# Mr. Faithful

## Being a Note of Humble Reverence to a Tinker out of Bedford

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

*" . . . he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered, 'Yes.'*
*"'Pray, did you know him?' said he.*
*"'I asked his name,' said the porter, 'and he told me it was Faithful.'"*

It was a great while afterward that I learned the full story concerning him.

All his days, it seemed, he had been in search of peace; not ease, not rest, neither honor nor the goods of this world, but peace only, for himself and others.

In this great quest he adventured far. He sought peace in many strange places. He sought it amid the clash of arms; in the night watches; under the walls of beleaguered cities.

Yet, as often as he thought he had surely found it, just so often did a voice come crying, "Not here! Not here!"

So did he go out once more to search.

And now did he begin to find that whereas in times past his enemies had ever been from without, now they were from within. And they ceased not day or night to wage war upon him; so that he would on occasion cry out in his sore distress, "If I have not faith, I am lost."

Men laughed at him and even women and children mocked at him.

And so it went on of a long time until he was constrained to envy the very brutes of the fields; nay, even the stones in the streets and the tiles on the housetops seemed better off than he.

Yet, did he never leave off from trying; and so—at last—he came to where there was light.

And now, whereas before he had been concerned only with his own burden, now did he arise and bestir himself to carry the burden of others.

Many there were who hated him for this and held him in despite.

So much so that evil men, being aroused against him, seized him by force and cast him into prison.

But now, the more he was burdened, so much the more—a great deal—did he gain peace. And all men began to read what he wrote in his bonds; and later, when he came forth, to hear what he had to say and to give heed thereto.

Yet was he not puffed up, but continued to serve as before; neither did he in anywise spare himself.

And so it came about that, one day—there being a great storm—one came to him running and saying, "Behold, two of thy friends are in a sore quarrel. Only thou canst assuage it."

And so he went forth. And it came about that, although he accomplished that whereto he had set himself, yet did the storm descend so heavily upon him that, later on, he died because of it.

And when I heard that he had died, lo, I was in a dream and I stood without the walls of a beautiful city, through the gate of which a Pilgrim was just passing. His raiment was torn, and the sandals were almost worn from off his feet, but on his countenance, upturned to the light of the city, was there a great peace.

Then did I inquire of the porter what was his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

# Justice by Formula

## *Who Is an Habitual Criminal and What Is a Felony*

Julius Hallheimer

It would appear that there is no limit to punitive experimentation. Witness the case of the Michigan man; it is now popularly known as the Michigan case. Here one Frederick Palm received a sentence of life imprisonment after having been found guilty, as a fourth offender, for illegally possessing a pint of liquor. He committed the heinous crime of being detected in Michigan with this amount of gin in his pocket; so the laws of that sovereign State prescribe that he shall spend the remainder of his days in jail.

The amazing severity of this sentence, which surely can find no justification in the eyes of any one save the most unyielding dry opinionist, demonstrates to no inconsiderable degree the lack of a thoughtful discrimination in dealing with the complex problem of the enforcement of the criminal law.

Doubtless, many may contend, and safely so, that in some respects our policy toward criminals in the past decade may have been too liberal, and harsher laws were needed to repress the lawbreaker. In 1926, it was loudly proclaimed that a gigantic crime wave was engulfing the nation, and the daily press began carrying columns devoted to the increase in crime. We fulminated against judges, juries, lawyers and the administration of the criminal law in general. The agitation for law revision became relentless, and in customary American fashion, it was decided to legislate the crime wave out of existence. The rest is a matter of common knowledge—the product of the revolt, as was to be expected was one more Draconian law.

Throughout the country the legal machinery was geared up, and virtually the entire tempo of our judicial system was altered. In New York, the Baumes Laws were enacted, and these have become the prototype for similar statutes enacted in a number of other States including West Virginia, Michigan and California.

No doubt many of us are familiar with perhaps the most important provision of this creation. In short, it provides that "any person who has been three times convicted of a felony shall, upon conviction of a fourth and subsequent felony, be sentenced to life imprisonment."

As might have been expected, the advent of this law was most auspicious. It was heralded far and wide "as the most progressive criminal legislation of the century." The "Babbitts" heaved a sigh of relief—

crime, assuredly, was banished. Here, then, was the real solution. The cynically minded, however, simply chalked this up as one more victory for the hard-boiled contingent, while the intermediary type reserved opinion, regarding it merely as just one more experiment.

The law has now been in force since July 1, 1926, but as we shall presently notice constant murmurs of discontent and dissatisfaction have been heard from many groups of reasonable men and women.

We read about a man being sentenced in New York to life imprisonment, because, in a state of hilarity, induced by the use of alcoholic stimulants, he was impelled to appropriate a convenient taxicab for a short joy-ride. Again, we hear of a poor unfortunate who received a life term for stealing twenty cents. Then we begin to wonder if after all we may not have overreached ourselves, and whether the counterweight has not swung too far in the other direction.

All things considered, one would naturally expect that those charged with the enforcement of the criminal law would favor the provisions of such a law. But the astonishing feature is that not a few of our judges and prosecutors, as well as penologists, have found occasion to bitterly denounce them. At first glance, this might occasion some surprise, but one must not forget that laws are much like the historic pudding, the proof of which lies in the eating.

One might suppose that some of the tragic plights that have resulted could have been visualized when the measure was drafted, especially the unfortunate situations brought about by its mandatory provision, which in the nature of things has shorn the courts of all discretion and automatically stamps all fourth offenders with the same die. While the statute, no doubt, operates as a powerful deterrent to the professional class of criminal, it is fundamentally defective, inasmuch as it has deprived the judge of all freedom of decision, according to his ideas of what is right and proper in a particular case and has substituted the legislature as the arbiter of justice. There are those who maintain that the "fourth offender" law is not a radical procedural departure inasmuch as the legislature always prescribed the form of punishment to be imposed. To a limited extent, this is true. But the fact remains that formerly a judge was free to fix the length of the sentence in compliance with certain defined limitations.

Probably no man has had more experience in administering the "fourth offender" law, than District Attorney Joab H. Banton, of New York County, and his remarks in a recent interview are therefore especially interesting. Referring to its mandatory provisions, he is quoted as having said, "That law says that a fourth offender 'shall' be sentenced to imprisonment for the term of his natural life. This means that the judge must impose such a sentence and has no discretion. I agree that the presumption in such a case is that a person so convicted is a confirmed criminal; but there are cases which show that this is not true. My suggestion regarding this law has been that it should be amended so as

to leave the sentence in each case in the sound discretion of the court."

This statement was made in connection with the case of Bart N. Garstin. It seemed that he had a habit of getting drunk and then having his friends cash bad checks, but the latest crime of which he had been convicted was committed more than fifteen years before his arrest in New York as a fourth offender. Here then we have an example of a man who for fifteen years had "gone straight," who suddenly finds himself in the clutches of the law again, only to realize that his tenure of good behavior can avail him nothing, as the judge has no alternative but to send him to jail for life.

While there is no doubt that the purpose which motivated the Baumes Committee was laudable, and that the "habitual criminal" is an enemy of society, and that the public generally is benefited by his detention under State supervision, yet how are we to identify the "confirmed criminal." We may recognize him on the street and in the theater, or as he is depicted in fiction, but before the Bar of Justice he becomes a most elusive character. It is the hardened and confirmed lawbreaker who is sought to be defined and classified. At this point let us see what Senator Caleb H. Baumes, the author of the bill has said: "Crime is an organized business in this State. There are gangs who plan their robberies weeks in advance, with intention to kill if necessary. They have their alibis framed, their getaways planned and even their lawyers hired for their defense, should they be caught; and in addition the underworld has developed tremendous power in obtaining pardons. To protect society against *such* criminals, the Baumes Laws are absolutely essential, and still further measures are advisable."

With this worthy purpose in mind the Baumes Law sets up the commission of a fourth felony as the standard for determining the habitual criminal, and right here is where the real controversy begins. The crux of the matter lies in the wide difference in the various offenses which are classified as felonies, and the further fact that while the law catalogues the offense, it ignores the person who committed it.

In order to understand some of the iniquities of the statute in its present form, it is perhaps best to know just what constitutes a felony. From a legislative, as well as legalistic point of view, a felony is any infraction that is so specified in the penal law and which is punishable by confinement in a state prison.

To the average man unfamiliar with this technical definition, it may have an entirely different significance. He doubtless associates the word with some atrocity—a hold-up or brutal assault. He is unacquainted with the feather edge refinements which distinguish many felonies from misdemeanors. In the main, it is an artificial statutory classification that shifts with nearly every session of the legislature. At the present time in New York, if one steals one hundred dollars the offense is a misdemeanor; but if you are so unfortunate as to steal more than one hundred dollars it is *ipso facto* transformed into a felony. Often offenses designated as felonies in one State are misdemeanors in another.

The Volstead Act provides that any violation of its provisions shall be a misdemeanor, and the New York State Prohibition Enforcement Act known as the Mullan-Gage Law, while in force, likewise declared that the possession or sale of intoxicating liquor, as a first offense was a misdemeanor. Yet under this State law, the second offense and every subsequent one was made a felony. It follows that if this act had not been repealed the minimum sentence that might have been imposed on any one who had been convicted five times for its violation, was life imprisonment.

In the State of Michigan, similar offenses are classified as felonies. A person who becomes intoxicated four times, if on each occasion an ounce or more of illicit intoxicants is found on his person, must be sentenced to life imprisonment under the "fourth offender" law of that State.

In the case of Frederick Palm, he was twice convicted of felonies and later pleaded guilty to two charges under the State prohibition law. On one occasion he confessed to having a pint of gin in his house. For the fourth offense he admitted having a pint of gin in his pocket and under the Michigan law, which specifies that violations of the prohibition law are felonies, he was sentenced to prison for life.

That there is even a remote possibility of a situation of this kind arising is incompatible with the sane and decent administration of criminal law. Such results are caused by the obvious superficiality of the law. Indeed one must shudder at the consequences that follow in its wake. Although the act professes to be aimed at hardened and confirmed criminals, yet by its provisions all fourth offenders are thrown indiscriminately into the same human scrap-heap. This law makes no distinction between felonies which bespeak a criminal tendency and those which involve merely the breaking of an arbitrary rule controlling the conduct of society. This is its fundamental defect. But when we add to this the mandatory sentence provision, it becomes nothing short of a legal bludgeon.

There can be no doubt that in committing such felonies as robbery, burglary, homicide, assault with a weapon, arson, forcible rape, and crimes of a similar type the offender exhibits tendencies dangerous to society. No fault can be found if a man who commits four such felonies is sentenced to life imprisonment. In fact there are many who will maintain that any one who commits three or even two of such offenses may be a habitual criminal and might well be sentenced to life imprisonment.

But there is another class of crimes likewise classified as felonies where no real criminal propensities, as we are generally accustomed to think of them, exist. In reality these may aptly be termed "aggravated misdemeanors." They are felonies only in the sense that they have been designated by the legislature as such. In reality they may be nothing more than a mere social misfortune. For example, in New York, if a young man elopes with a girl seventeen years of age, and marries her without the consent of her parents, although he may have romantically thought

he was doing something prohibited, he probably does not realize that he has committed the serious felony of abduction. So also a person who strikes another with his fist and causes a wound or other bodily harm is guilty of assault, second degree, which is likewise a felony. A slight discoloration of an eye is the only harm required to satisfy the statute, even though the act was done in the heat of passion and although no weapon of any kind was used. The man with a pugnacious disposition is always in the shadow of a sentence of life imprisonment. Four brawls may be sufficient to send such an individual to jail for the remainder of his days. Bigamy is another felony which is not particularly indicative of a criminal tendency and may mean nothing more than a violation of the rules adopted by society to regulate the marriage contract. In many instances, it is committed in ignorance of the law. In New York a woman whose husband has left her may, after waiting five years and providing she has heard nothing from him, institute a court action to have the marriage dissolved. But, if on the other hand, she happens to be unacquainted with the statute, and contracts another marriage, in the best of faith after waiting only three or four years, she has committed a felony—bigamy, if subsequently her first husband returns. So also, a person who, for a drive, takes an automobile without the consent of the owner may likewise be guilty of a felony notwithstanding the absence of an intent to steal.

"Let us bear in mind," said Judge Taylor of the County Court of Kings County, New York, "many felonies are comparatively trivial; some were not even crimes under the common law, some do not even involve moral turpitude."

Any fair-minded person will concede that these crimes are in an entirely different category than those first enumerated. The law, however, makes no distinction. It sets up a formula by which it professes to classify a person as an habitual criminal once that person has committed four felonies, regardless of their nature. He is an habitual criminal and must be sentenced for life under the Baumes laws and their prototypes in various States.

This classification of crimes is in itself arbitrary enough and often fails to give a true representation of the gravity of the offense committed. The slightest force, the merest threat, placing a hand on a door-knob or merely touching a person may convert an act into a felony where only a theft of a few cents is involved. An offense which, under ordinary circumstances, might be a trivial misdemeanor is then labeled as a felony.

It is apparent that an arbitrary formula minutely classifying crimes in various degrees must be tempered with discretion. With society laboring under as complex a system as now prevails, many crimes are unwittingly committed and an intelligent judicial discretion is required to make the punishment fit the crime. At any rate, any standardized procedure which makes no allowance whatever for the individual, his environment, his weaknesses, or any human values, is nothing more than an automatic legal yardstick which applied, may drive the hardened criminal from one State to another,

but which, in the end, complicates rather than offers any helpful solution.

This too is the view of I. Maurice Wormser, for twenty years professor of law at Fordham University and the editor of the "New York Law Journal," the official legal newspaper in New York City, who remarked: "While it (the Baumes Law) undoubtedly operates as a powerful deterrent of the professional type of criminal, it would nevertheless seem unwise to deprive the court of all judicial discretion in fixing the sentence to be imposed. Yet that is its effect. One of the most needed reforms in the administration of criminal law is the intelligent imposition of sentences, which will fit not only the crime but the criminal and which will take into account the surrounding facts and circumstances in an intelligent endeavor to administer justice, not automatically, but in the spirit of reasonableness and sound common sense, with a view to best promoting the general social welfare of the community."

How much faith is a man to place in the judiciary when the legislature has evidenced a lack of confidence by having shorn it of the sentencing function? The truth is that the fourth offender has written his own sentence since the mandatory provision places him beyond judicial consideration. Needless to say, many judges have been outspoken in their protests, while others have gone so far as to say that it violated their conscience. Judge Cornelius F. Collins, of the New York Court of General Sessions, when called on to resentence a young man and impose a life sentence, expressed his views in no dubious language. One William Green had been convicted of assault in the second degree. On his arraignment for sentence, it was shown that he had been thrice previously convicted. Two appeared to be felony convictions. It was assumed that the other, his first conviction, for which he received a sentence of sixty days, was only a misdemeanor of a trivial nature. Laboring under the impression that Green had only been twice convicted for felonies, Judge Collins sentenced him to a minimum of five years. Later it was disclosed that the first offense was a "felony." The prisoner was recalled for sentence and Judge Collins then said: "He is now returned to me, and it seems the only sentence I can impose under the Baumes Law is to send this man to prison for his natural life. I am asked to do a thing which I feel I am compelled to do in the performance of my duty by a mandatory law. I am asked to do an unconscionable thing from the standpoint of sociology, but I construe the law to be mandatory upon me. . . . In this case there is no discretion permitted. We have an unfortunate negro, unable to pay for any defense, having had counsel assigned to him, still a young man. I have to send him for his natural life to state's prison for the offense stated, when prior to this the longest sentence he received was two years. . . . I am compelled, Green, to sentence you to imprisonment for life. I have made this long explanation so that you will understand that I am forced to do so in performance of my duty by reason of a mandatory law."

The saving grace urged by those who favor the law is that in unusual cases recourse may be had to the governor, who has the power to exercise executive clemency. The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, First Department, in an opinion upholding the constitutionality of the Baumes Act, said: "It is always within the power of the executive to extend clemency in any given case to a criminal whose rights have been unduly prejudiced."

It need not be added that this merely shifts the responsibility to the governor, by having him do what the judge is prevented from doing. It makes the dispensing of justice a matter of political favor and places a tremendous burden upon an already overworked executive. If the present tendency of relegating duties to the chief executive continues, we shall soon require for governor an omnipotent trinity capable of exercising the combined functions of the Executive, Legislature and Judiciary.

Although the idea still prevails that harsh punishment for criminals will reduce crime, we must not forget that drastic penalties defeat their purpose by making it increasingly difficult to obtain convictions. Our present liberal criminal practice is a reaction from the oppressive conditions which existed in England, only a little over a century ago, when more than one hundred and sixty crimes were punishable by death. The so-called procedural technicalities, loopholes and delays which are a source of irritation to many, are a heritage from the judicial system of that day, when courts were often obliged to indulge in refinements of reasoning in order to prevent the execution of men for comparatively minor offenses. In certain cases, a like situation has arisen in the enforcement of the Baumes Law. Where the particular offense for which the prisoner is on trial is of a minor character, juries have frequently rebelled and refused to convict a man as a fourth offender in the face of certified records and conclusive proof of guilt. As things are the trial often results in a virtual stalemate, and presents merely another phase of the age-old struggle between the law and the jury.

Curiously enough this condition is reflected in the latest report issued by the Baumes Commission. According to its figures sixty-five persons were prosecuted as fourth offenders in New York State from January 1, 1927 to January 12, 1928; of which seventeen were sentenced to life imprisonment; fourteen were permitted to plead guilty to misdemeanors, while the rest were acquitted or discharged. Were these pleas of guilty accepted because the authorities realized the hopelessness of their cause before a jury, or shall we infer that it was an admission on their part that the penalty that would have followed a verdict of guilty by a jury was too drastic? One might suspect that they were resorting to an old method to escape the consequences and criticism of riveting the yoke where it was not clearly deserved.

The "fourth offender" law, despite certain obvious inherent defects, does represent an important change in our attitude toward the criminal,

since it is one of the first signs of a comprehensive plan to tighten up criminal law. As has already been pointed out, it is more than a local affair. Its scope is constantly widening. Other States have already adopted similar laws and still others are carefully examining the results of the legislation in New York with a view to framing like statutes, once they have proved successful. But after a test that has lasted nearly two years, the Police Commissioner of New York City has just reported the disquieting figures that during the first quarter of this year there were 1983 crimes of violence as compared with 1586 for the same period in 1926.

Of course, there may be a variety of reasons assigned for this increase, but the fact remains that the advocates of this legislation boldly asserted that here was the sovereign remedy —one that would promptly demonstrate unusual efficacy. To-day the number of skeptics has grown and they point to another equally distressing situation. They recall to us that the yearly prison population of this country, not including houses of correction, jails and minor institutions, is approximately one hundred thousand, with an annual turnover of forty thousand. What, if anything, has cruel punishment and the "fourth offender" law done to alleviate this chronic blight?

While the law is generally considered new and revolutionary, one is surprised to learn that the identical provision has been a part of New York law since 1907; and as long ago as 1796, the law required that a person who had been convicted of two felonies must be sentenced to life imprisonment. The statute of 1907 is precisely the same as that of 1926, which has caused so much discussion except for a difference in procedure. Under the prior law the previous offenses were required to be alleged in the indictment and proved upon the trial, while under the procedure inaugurated by the amendment of 1926, the previous offenses may be brought up at any time. The procedural change together with attendant publicity has given it the aspect of brand-new legislation.

Admittedly, the criminal problem is one of the most difficult of solution. If there is to be a constructive readjustment and reformation, in what direction shall it be? Our present criminal practice is but an adaptation of the same theory that has prevailed for the past ten centuries. As long as we content ourselves with the isolation and punishment of a criminal, the situation will remain relatively the same. Surely proposals for revision are abundant. One of the most recent, although not by any means novel, has been offered by Governor Smith, who proposes that the sentencing function be removed from the courts entirely and that a board of highly paid psychiatrists be organized, having full power to determine the nature of the sentence after conviction. Under the terms of this proposal courts and juries would only determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. The nature of the crime would be considered in the light of the prisoner's history, his social environment and his native intelligence. These all would be weighed, and the board, in the light of all of these facts,

would then determine the sentence. But whether the sentencing function be exercised by the legislature, by an arbitrary formula or by a judge or board, there will, of necessity, always be criticism. The real solution of the criminal problem must be found before the crime is committed. The growth of the social sciences, the perfection of intelligence tests, our system of education, the segregation of the unfit and the prevention of reproduction will some day furnish the real solution. Probably science must make the important contribution.

Millions are spent annually for industrial and commercial research, but we only manifest a passing interest and, compared to other expenditures, devote but an insignificant sum to help solve a problem which means salvaging human life and promoting human welfare.

After all, what real progress has man made in the encounter between law and crime? We have gone on for centuries in the same orthodox way. For self-protection we simply follow custom and throw the offender into jail. But in the meantime, guns, stilettos, black-jacks, moonshine whisky and narcotics still furnish the lure to thousands who go on their erratic way.

The whole field is still in a formative stage and the Baumes Law is interesting only in that it represents a definite tendency. Its essential defect is its failure to provide a system of intelligent cataloguing. If we must have justice by formula, and if the courts must be stripped of discretion in order to secure the certainty of punishment, the first task for us is to evolve a new concept, which is based upon some sound recognition of the criminal propensities involved in the various classes of felonies.

# Outside the Cabinet-Maker's

*There Was a Princess, So There Had to Be a Prince*

F. Scott Fitzgerald

The automobile stopped at the corner of Sixteenth and some dingy-looking street. The lady got out. The man and the little girl stayed in the car.

"I'm going to tell him it can't cost more than twenty dollars," said the lady.

"All right. Have you the plans?"

"Oh, yes"—she reached for her bag in the back seat—"at least I have now."

"Dites qu'il ne faut pas avoir les forts placards," said the man. "Ni le bon bois."

"All right."

"I wish you wouldn't talk French," said the little girl.

"Et il faut avoir un bon 'height.' L'un des Murphys était comme ça."

He held his hand five feet from the ground. The lady went through a door lettered "Cabinet-Maker" and disappeared up a small stairs.

The man and the little girl looked around unexpectantly. The neighborhood was red brick, vague, quiet. There were a few darkies doing something or other up the street and an occasional automobile went by. It was a fine November day.

"Listen," said the man to the little girl, "I love you."

"I love you too," said the little girl, smiling politely.

"Listen," the man continued. "Do you see that house over the way?"

The little girl looked. It was a flat in back of a shop. Curtains masked most of its interior, but there was a faint stir behind them. On one window a loose shutter banged from back to forth every few minutes. Neither the man nor the little girl had ever seen the place before.

"There's a Fairy Princess behind those curtains," said the man. "You can't see her but she's there, kept concealed by an Ogre. Do you know what an Ogre is?"

"Yes."

"Well, this Princess is very beautiful with long golden hair."

They both regarded the house. Part of a yellow dress appeared momentarily in the window.

"That's her," the man said. "The people who live there are guarding her for the Ogre. He's keeping the King and Queen prisoner ten thousand miles below the earth. She can't get out until the Prince finds the three—" He hesitated.

"And what, Daddy? The three what?"

"The three— Look! There she is again."

"The three what?"

"The three—the three stones that will release the King and Queen."

He yawned.

"And what then?"

"Then he can come and tap three times on each window and that will set her free."

The lady's head emerged from the upper story of the cabinet-maker's.

"He's busy," she called down. "Gosh, what a nice day!"

"And what, Daddy?" asked the little girl. "Why does the Ogre want to keep her there?"

"Because he wasn't invited to the christening. The Prince has already found one stone in President Coolidge's collar-box. He's looking for the second in Iceland. Every time he finds a stone the room where the Princess is kept turns blue. *Gosh!*"

"What, Daddy?"

"Just as you turned away I could see the room turn blue. That means he's found the second stone."

"Gosh!" said the little girl. "Look! It turned blue again, that means he's found the third stone."

Aroused by the competition the man looked around cautiously and his voice grew tense.

"Do you see what I see?" he demanded. "Coming up the street—there's the Ogre himself, disguised—you know: transformed, like *Mombi* in 'The Land of Oz.'"

"I know."

They both watched. The small boy, extraordinarily small and taking very long steps, went to the door of the flat and knocked; no one answered but he didn't seem to expect it or to be greatly disappointed. He took some chalk from his pocket and began drawing pictures under the door-bell.

"He's making magic signs," whispered the man. "He wants to be sure that the Princess doesn't get out this door. He must know that the Prince has set the King and Queen free and will be along for her pretty soon."

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The small boy lingered for a moment; then he went to a window and called an unintelligible word. After a while a woman threw the window open and made an answer that the crisp wind blew away.

"She says she's got the Princess locked up," explained the man.

"Look at the Ogre," said the little girl. "He's making magic signs under the window too. And on the sidewalk. Why?"

"He wants to keep her from getting out, of course. That's why he's dancing. That's a charm too—it's a magic dance."

The Ogre went away, taking very big steps. Two men crossed the street ahead and passed out of sight.

"Who are they, Daddy?"

"They're two of the King's soldiers. I think the army must be gathering over on Market Street to surround the house. Do you know what 'surround' means?"

"Yes. Are those men soldiers too?"

"Those too. And I believe that the old one just behind is the King himself. He's keeping bent down low like that so that the Ogre's people won't recognize him."

"Who is the lady?"

"She's a Witch, a friend of the Ogre's."

The shutter blew closed with a bang and then slowly opened again.

"That's done by the good and bad fairies," the man explained. "They're

invisible, but the bad fairies want to close the shutter so nobody can see in and the good ones want to open it."

"The good fairies are winning now."

"Yes." He looked at the little girl. "You're my good fairy."

"Yes. Look, Daddy! What is that man?"

"He's in the King's army too." The clerk of Mr. Miller, the jeweler, went by with a somewhat unmartial aspect. "Hear the whistle? That means they're gathering. And listen—there goes the drum."

"There's the Queen, Daddy. Look at there. Is that the Queen?"

"No, that's a girl called Miss Television." He yawned. He began to think of something pleasant that had happened yesterday. He went into a trance. Then he looked at the little girl and saw that she was quite happy. She was six and lovely to look at. He kissed her.

"That man carrying the cake of ice is also one of the King's soldiers," he said. "He's going to put the ice on the Ogre's head and freeze his brains so he can't do any more harm."

Her eyes followed the man down street. Other men passed. A darky in a yellow darky's overcoat drove by with a cart marked The Del Upholstery Co. The shutter banged again and then slowly opened.

"See, Daddy, the good fairies are winning again."

The man was old enough to know that he would look back to that time—the tranquil street and the pleasant weather and the mystery playing before the child's eyes, mystery which he had created, but whose luster and texture he could never see or touch any more himself. Again he touched his daughter's cheek instead and in payment fitted another small boy and limping man into the story.

"Oh, I love you," he said.

"I know, Daddy," she answered, abstractedly. She was staring at the house. For a moment he closed his eyes and tried to see with her but he couldn't see—those ragged blinds were drawn against him forever. There were only the occasional darkies and the small boys and the weather that reminded him of more glamorous mornings in the past.

The lady came out of the cabinet-maker's shop.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Good. Il dit qu'il a fait les maisons de poupée pour les Duponts. Il va le faire."

"Combien?"

"Vingt-cinq. I'm sorry I was so long."

"Look, Daddy, there go a lot more soldiers!"

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They drove off. When they had gone a few miles the man turned around and said, "We saw the most remarkable thing while you were there." He summarized the episode. "It's too bad we couldn't wait and see the rescue."

"But we did," the child cried. "They had the rescue in the next street. And there's the Ogre's body in that yard there. The King and Queen and Prince were killed and now the Princess is queen."

He had liked his King and Queen and felt that they had been too summarily disposed of.

"You had to have a heroine," he said rather impatiently.

"She'll marry somebody and make him Prince."

They rode on abstractedly. The lady thought about the doll's house, for she had been poor and had never had one as a child, the man thought how he had almost a million dollars and the little girl thought about the odd doings on the dingy street that they had left behind.

## MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE

LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

I met a mountain boy
Up near the sky,
Playing a fiddle
As he rode by.
His hat was torn
And his hair showed through,
But his eyes were dark
With the far hills' blue.

His fiddle sang
Like the wind in the pines
When the pale buds break
On the wild grape vines,
And the sun went down
And stars were strung
Where the dim gold lantern
Of an old moon hung.

My heart began to stir
Like a leaf in the wind,
But he rode away
When the shadows thinned.
And I went on
To the top of the world
With my heart a leaf
That had withered and curled.

# Dante Gabriel Rossetti

*1828–1928*

Harry B. Smith

On a day in the spring of 1860, two poets strolled in Charing Cross Road and paused in front of an old book-shop. In a box counter before the door, bargains in literature were offered; one's choice of books for the reasonable sum of a penny each. The two bards were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne. Of their appearance one may form an idea from the many portraits by their artist friends, for the members of their coterie obligingly served as models for one another. Swinburne was of short stature with a very long neck accentuated by his sloping shoulders. The etching by William Bell Scott shows him with his poet's eye rolling in a particularly fine frenzy and with an aureole of blond hair more umbrageous than the famed chrysanthemum head of Paderewski. Swinburne wore his hair so long that William Allingham in his diary records as an historical event—"Swinburne has had his hair cut."

In some of his book illustrations, Rossetti used Swinburne as a model. The latter wrote to Monckton Milnes in 1860: "Rossetti has just done a drawing of a female model and myself embracing; meant for a frontispiece to his Italian translations. Every one salutes the likeness with a yell of recognition. When the book comes out I shall have no refuge but the grave."

Though Rossetti could not compete with Swinburne in peculiarity of personal appearance, he attracted attention by the unconventionality of his dress, which was that of a typical Latin Quarter student, with the additions of a long frock coat and a hat designed by himself, which is described as "like a policeman's helmet." His face and figure are portrayed in one of Holman Hunt's early paintings, for which the poet posed as Rienzi; and in one of Madox Brown's pictures he appears as Chaucer.

Turning over the shabby volumes in the penny box, the two discovered a number of copies of a thin pamphlet, verses by Omar Khayyam translated by Edward FitzGerald. The contents seemed to warrant the investment of a penny or two. Publishers having been able to control their interest in quatrains from the Persian, FitzGerald had printed at his own expense 250 copies of the poem, of which he presented two hundred to Bernard Quaritch, the bookseller who was the nominal publisher.

The discovery of FitzGerald's

"Rubáiyát" was recalled by Swinburne thirty-six years afterward when he wrote to Clement Shorter: "The first and best edition of FitzGerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy, having proved hopelessly unsaleable at the published price of one shilling. . . . On returning to the stall next day for more we found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of twopence, an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance on behalf of a defrauded, if limited, public. It is the only edition worth having, as FitzGerald, like the ass of genius that he was, cut out of later editions the crowning stanza which is the core or kernel of the whole poem."

Rossetti and Swinburne sent copies of the pamphlet to their friends, artists and writers, most of whom shared the enthusiasm of the discoverers; but Thomas Carlyle, to whom the Epicurean philosophy made no appeal, wrote, "I think FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better advantage than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mahometan blackguard."

If the poets had been prophets and had bought the two hundred copies given by FitzGerald to the bookseller, they could have accumulated portable property now worth about half a million dollars, as the market price of a first edition is from two thousand to three thousand dollars. Rossetti was a good man of business, but he could not have foreseen the boom in "Rubáiyát" stock, nor could he have anticipated that a pamphlet of his own would come to be equally desired and admired by the book collector, for his "Sir Hugh the Heron" is even rarer than the more famous poem. Rossetti wrote this in his twelfth year. He had been reading "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and paid to Sir Walter the tribute of the sincerest form of flattery. There was a small press in the Rossetti home, and the young poet's grandfather had a few copies of this juvenile effort printed for distribution among friends. According to William Rossetti, his brother "hated any allusion to 'Sir Hugh' and requested the destruction of all copies available. The ballad exists only for a dozen or so of curious collectors and for readers in the British Museum." My own copy has an autograph note in William Rossetti's writing: "From Gabriel's books."

The manuscript of another early poem, "William and Mary," is described in my catalogue, "A Sentimental Library." It is a ballad evidently suggested by the reading of "Percy's Reliques," written with elaborate imitation of archaic language and spelling.

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The ambition to be a painter was of earlier date, the first record being the remark of a visitor to the Rossetti home: "I saw a baby out on the steps making pictures." His first drawings were in the style of the paper figures used for toy theaters and sold "Penny plain; twopence colored." One of the earliest is reproduced in "A Sentimental Library," with the young artist's autograph inscription: "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes. Gabriel Rossetti, fecit."

In 1843, the poem "William and Mary" was offered to a magazine, but was rejected, and this discouragement may have led to Rossetti's determination to become a painter; for it was in that year that he began seriously the study of art. He entered the academy of Mr. Cary, and shortly afterward, being impressed by one of Madox Brown's pictures, "Parisina," he wrote to that painter and asked to become his pupil. Rossetti's letter was so fulsome in compliments that the recipient fancied his correspondent was ridiculing him. Indignant at this imagined insult, Brown provided himself with a heavy cane and went to call on his would-be pupil. On meeting Rossetti, the sensitive artist retained his cudgel ready to use it; but the youth's enthusiasm showed him to be thoroughly in earnest, and Brown accepted him as a pupil.

Swinburne and Rossetti first met in 1857, at Oxford, and the former's biographer, Edmund Gosse, records that "no one whom Swinburne had ever met seemed to him so wonderful as Rossetti, and he enjoyed his cordial kindness and exuberant generosity from the first." Neither had published any poetry, but each was a poet in the making, and the two found a common interest in their fondness for old ballads. I have in my collection the manuscript of a narrative poem, "The Laird of Waristown," which is an interesting souvenir of the early friendship of the two poets. The first twenty stanzas are in Rossetti's autograph; the remaining twelve stanzas in Swinburne's hand. This has never been published and is interesting principally because it shows the deference of the elder poet to the younger, Rossetti's part of the manuscript containing numerous corrections by Swinburne.

Rossetti was in his twentieth year when the so-called Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was organized. He had already written one of his most characteristic poems "The Blessed Damozel" and had finished his painting "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin." The Brotherhood owed its inception to Millais and Holman Hunt, who were beginning to be known as promising young artists. Rossetti gave the coterie the not entirely appropriate name, and three other members were admitted, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor; James Collinson, a painter, and Frederic G. Stephens, who made no more pretentious claim than that he was an art student. At Rossetti's suggestion, his brother William Michael Rossetti was enrolled as the seventh member; perhaps because of the necessity of having a secretary, or it may be for the reason that he was a good fellow and a discriminating art critic.

Although the artists of the Brotherhood had a decided predilection for Biblical subjects, which they interpreted with reverence and poetic imagination, in religious belief they formally declared themselves to be agnostics. In matters of doctrine they seem to have accepted a Scotch verdict, "not proven," and they were all more or less imbued with the pantheism of Shelley. They formulated their own theory of immortality, apparently founded on the philosophy of Comte, and Rossetti wrote a declaration of faith

which all the brethren signed: "We, the undersigned, declare that the following list of immortals constitutes the whole of our creed, and that there exists no other immortality than what is centered in their names." These names are fifty-seven in number, some of them being marked with stars according to their eminence and comparative claims to immortality. The name of the founder of Christianity leads, and is the only one marked by four stars, somewhat inconsistently, as this credo of the Pre-Raphaelites was opposed to Christ's assurance of a life beyond the grave. Shakspere and "the Author of the Book of Job" are honored with three stars. Homer, Dante, Washington, Goethe, Landor, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Thackeray are awarded two; Raphael, Tennyson, Boccaccio, Browning and Patmore are given one star each, and the other forty names have no stellar honors. The inference is that Shakspere and the Author of the Book of Job have three times as much immortality as Boccaccio and Patmore, and that unstarred celebrities such as Milton, Byron, Titian and Michelangelo must be content with immortality limited.

In condonation of this fantastic foolishness, it must be remembered that the brethren were all very young men at the time they proclaimed that "there existed no other immortality" than that of the eternal glory of Haydon and Hogarth. Later in life Rossetti expressed astonishment that any one should accuse him of irreligion, maintaining that all he had painted and written proved his belief in immortality. William Rossetti says, "Our non-belief was not long retained. The treatment we accorded in our document illustrates the character of our tastes and aims at the time."

Having completed their informal organization, the brethren decided that if they were to effect reforms in art they must have a magazine of propaganda; accordingly "The Germ" was started with the useful brother William Michael as editor and the other members as contributing authors and illustrators. The full title of the publication is "The Germ, Thoughts Toward Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art. Conducted principally by Artists."

On the cover is printed a sonnet beginning, "When whoso merely hath a little thought"—which seems designed especially to discourage possible purchasers.

Some of Rossetti's most characteristic writings appeared in "The Germ," including "The Blessed Damozel," "Hand and Soul" and "My Sister's Sleep." Other artists, Woolner, Madox Brown and William Bell Scott are represented by poems and essays. Christina Rossetti and Coventry Patmore were among the contributors, and each number contained an etching by one of the Brotherhood. Youthful enthusiasm is abundantly in evidence, but it is not supported by any indication of commercial sagacity. In the four numbers there is but one advertisement, the brethren being too much occupied as apostles of truth and beauty to give any attention to sordid business matters.

When the first number was issued the name was ridiculed, and in the third number it was changed to

"Art and Poetry." To avoid the expense of printing another cover, the new title was pasted on the discarded one.

In my catalogue is described a copy bearing the presentation inscription: "Arthur Hugh Clough, Esq., with the Editor's [Mr. William Rossetti's] compliments." The first number contained a criticism of Clough's poem, "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich"; and the only leaves in the four numbers which he had thought it worth while to cut open were those containing the review. This would seem to indicate a lack of interest on the part of the poets and artists whom the Brotherhood proposed to reform. Four numbers of "The Germ" were issued and then the magazine died of financial anemia. With their first paintings the members of the Brotherhood were even less successful than they had been as publishers. Holman Hunt has recorded "When the press gave their verdict it was with one voice of condemnation. The leading journals denounced our works as iniquitous and infamous." "The Athenæum" published a lengthy diatribe against the Brotherhood and their productions, their critic charging that "the ambition of these young artists is an unhealthy thirst which seeks notoriety by means of mere conceit." Charles Dickens stopped work on "David Copperfield," to make his début as an art critic. His attack on the Pre-Raphaelites is the leading article, "Old Lamps for New Ones," in "Household Words," June 15, 1850; and his ludicrous description of the pictures is followed by suggestions for the establishment of various other societies, such as a Pre-Perspective Brotherhood and a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood,the latter to propagate the belief that the sun moves around the world.

Rossetti's second painting, "The Annunciation," did not escape the storm of abuse, though it was admired by artists and is now considered one of his finest works. "The Athenæum" critic declared it to be "crotchety, puerile, pedantic, affected, absurd and insipid." The painter was in his twenty-second year, and morbidly sensitive. The published comments on this picture caused him to resolve that he would never send another work to a public exhibition, a resolution which he kept to the end of his life. This reticence ultimately proved to be of great practical advantage to him. It was known to picture collectors that his paintings could only be seen privately and, after Ruskin began to praise and purchase, the acquisition of one of the pictures became a distinction.

Rossetti was in his twenty-third year when he received this baptism of critical fire. Its first effect was discouragement and the reflection that, after all, poetry rather than painting was his vocation. He wrote to Leigh Hunt, sending some of his poems and asking advice. Hunt replied that the verses were the work of "an unquestionable poet, thoughtful, imaginative, and with rare powers of repression"; but the encouragement from one who had "once seen Shelley plain" was offset by the concluding paragraph of Hunt's letter—"Poetry is not a thing for a man to live upon while he is in the flesh,

however immortal it may render him in spirit."

Hunt wrote from the knowledge of experience, he having proved that the poet's lot was still "toil, envy, want," though not necessarily—as Johnson completed his line—"the patron and the jail." It may have been this hint from a veteran poet that caused Rossetti to decide that, of two doubtful ways of earning an income, painting was the less precarious. Ruskin's espousal of the Pre-Raphaelite cause brought casual purchasers and the young poet continued to paint and sell pictures. Except his translations from the Italian poets, he published no book of verses until he had reached his forty-second year.

The circumstances attending the publication of Rossetti's first volume of poems suggest a chapter from one of the medieval romances beloved of the Brotherhood. Indeed, it is probable that Rossetti remembered a precedent for placing his poems in his wife's coffin and afterward recovering them. Petrarch had placed in the tomb of Laura de Sade a small casket containing the manuscripts of poems he had addressed to her. When Francis I visited Avignon he caused the tomb to be opened and the poems recovered.

It was not until seven years after his wife's death that Rossetti thought of recovering the poems that had been buried with her. It is generally stated that his decision was the result of the insistence of friends; but the truth is that he was not unmindful of the reputation as poets won by several of his associates, and his friend, F. S. Ellis, offered to publish a volume of his verse.

This offer interested Rossetti particularly for the reason that there seemed a probability that he would be obliged to give up painting. His sight was seriously impaired and he was haunted by the fear of blindness. His morbid imagination dwelt upon the impending calamity. Grief for the loss of his wife had been increased by self-reproach for a fancied lack of consideration for her. Indulgence in chloral, taken first as a remedy for insomnia, had become a habit, had shattered his nerves and enfeebled his will. He fancied manifestations which indicated that he was visited by the spirit of his wife. He discussed the ethics of suicide and, thinking of the probability of blindness, exclaimed, "What have I left to live for?" It was then that friends offered consolation by reminding him that he could turn to another art.

With the proposed volume in view, he tried to re-write from memory some of his best poems which for seven years had lain in the grave. Swinburne's extraordinary memory was called upon for aid, and the poems that he had read he remembered more clearly than their author, but there were many that he had never seen. Rossetti tormented his mind vainly with this effort and at length yielded to the argument that the recovery of the poems and their being given to the world would be in accordance with what his wife would have wished.

It has seemed strange to many that a man capable of the romantic gesture of the sacrifice should have

had the weakness to regret it. I think the explanation of the inconsistency is found in the portrait of Rossetti by Holman Hunt and, even more strikingly, in a photograph which is his most attractive likeness. The upper part of the head indicates intellectual power; the deep-set eyes are filled with passion and high imagination; the jaw and chin are those commonly associated with weakness of will-power.

On a night in October, 1869, two of the poet's friends, Charles Howell and H. V. Tebbs, were despatched upon the gruesome business of recovering the manuscripts. It was found that the beautiful red-gold hair of the dead woman had grown around the volume and it had to be disentangled. It is characteristic of Rossetti that ever afterward he suffered from remorse, feeling that he had been guilty of sacrilege.

He copied and revised the poems and destroyed the book. A number of these transcripts in Rossetti's autograph were given to his friend Charles Fairfax Murray, and are now in my collection. Many are in the library of Mr. Thomas J. Wise who possesses an unpublished letter from Rossetti to his brother giving a circumstantial account of the recovery of the manuscripts.

Before publication of the 1870 "Poems," there was a "trial issue" dated 1869 of which Mr. Wise possesses the only copy in existence. Of the 1870 first edition my collection contains two copies. One bears the autograph inscription: "To Algernon Swinburne from his affectionate friend D. G. Rossetti." The other is inscribed to the poet's uncle, Henry Polidori, but is of unique interest because the volume afterward belonged to Christina Rossetti, who has added an autograph inscription presenting it to a friend.

Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," issued in 1866, had aroused such a storm of virtuous protest that the publisher Edward Moxon became frightened, removed his name from the title page and transferred the book to a less timid sponsor. Moxon had been prosecuted for publishing Shelley's "Queen Mab" and had been heavily fined; so his discretion was warranted. Victorian morality was just recovering from the Swinburnian shock when Rossetti's volume appeared. Its success was immediate and seven editions were issued within a few months. Critical opinion was generally laudatory; but there were reviewers who considered the poems even more demoralizing than those of the author of "Laus Veneris." Mr. Robert Buchanan took it upon himself to act as custodian of British morals, and in the "Contemporary Review" he attacked Rossetti for the sensuality of his writings. As Mr. Buchanan himself was more or less of a poet, he masked his battery with the name of "Thomas Maitland." Taking Rossetti's poetry as a text, Mr. "Maitland" asserted that it was "typical of the sensuality of the age"—the Victorian age, now considered so painfully moral. The writer attributed the wickedness of Swinburne and Rossetti to the influence of French poetry, illogically adding, "We might have tolerated an unclean thing if it had been in some sense a product of the soil." Buchanan's article was a violent arraignment of Swinburne

and Rossetti, whom he abused as the leaders of "The Fleshly School of Poetry." Swinburne, a master of invective, could take care of himself, and did so by writing "Under the Microscope." In this rare pamphlet, highly prized by collectors, the poet stuck a pin through Buchanan and held him up for observation as a curious and poisonous insect. The reaction of Rossetti, drugged, morbid and abnormally sensitive was very different. He wrote an argumentative reply to Buchanan's tirade, had it printed in pamphlet form—and then, with characteristic irresolution, destroyed every copy of it; contenting himself with sending a dignified letter of protest to "The Athenæum." He brooded over the injustice of the charges against his writings, charges with which the reviewer had not hesitated to mingle objectionable personal references to the poet. A painter who had refused to exhibit his pictures because one of them had been criticized; a poet whose extreme modesty had caused him to withhold his writings from publication until he had reached the age of forty-two, was the type of man who would brood over injustice. Byron said of the infamous review of his early poems, "It knocked me down but I got up again," and he retaliated with "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Rossetti never wholly recovered from this attack by an envious and malignant poet turned critic. Eleven years passed before he published another volume of poems, his last. His sight improved and he continued to paint; but if he enjoyed the pleasures of fame, he considered the penalties too high a price to pay for them. Perhaps they are, to one of his nature. Yet Rossetti, apart from his distaste for sports and athletics, was thoroughly manly, a virile enthusiast and a masterful leader of his associates. It was only when he was weakened by ill-health and chloral that he lost the fighting spirit. He was also singular in being one of the few artists with a sense of humor who have not found that quality an antidote for all the ills that flesh is heir to —including unjust criticism. He possessed a robust and exuberant humor; was a loyal friend, and in the circle that gathered around him in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, including William Morris, Swinburne, George Meredith and other famous writers of the period, he was regarded as the leader by right of his forceful and dominating personality. In his later years his sensitiveness increased and under the influence of the drug which he continued to take he became suspicious of imagined conspiracies against him. Browning, with whom he had always been friendly, sent him a copy of "Fifine at the Fair," which is described in my "Sentimental Library." It bears the inscription "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti from his old admirer and affectionate friend R. B." Ford Madox Brown was with Rossetti when he opened the parcel containing the book. Reading the inscription, the poet said, "This is very handsome of Browning; very handsome." He read a few pages and exclaimed angrily, "This is an attack upon *me!*" Brown tried to assure him that he was mistaken; but Rossetti's irritation increased and he threw the book in the fire. Brown rescued it, and at the sale of his

books, in 1894, this interesting "association volume" was auctioned with a bundle of others as a negligible lot. The perverse imagination of Rossetti was most absurdly manifested when he read Lewis Carroll's poem, "The Hunting of the Snark," and construed it as a satire on himself. But there is nothing too fantastic to be imagined by a drugged brain. Perhaps when Rossetti, in the spring of 1882, was laid to rest in Birchington Churchyard, it was a deliverance from what Charles Lamb called "the sorest malady of all," and a fitting epitaph would have been "'Tis better as it is."

The centenary of the birth or the death of a literary celebrity is usually made the occasion of some sort of commemoration, even if it is only an essay to prove that he is en route to oblivion. The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rossetti has passed without even the disparagement that is bestowed by ironists upon the Victorians. The inference from this apathy is that critical appraisers do not consider him of enough importance as a poet to have his "place in literature" lowered by a satirical oracle. Rossetti may not have been a great poet; he may not have been a painter of the first order; but in creative imagination and the perfection of a technique suited to his self-expression he must be considered one of the great artists of what used to be modern times.

On his last visit to England, Longfellow was taken to call on Rossetti. Knowing that there were two brothers, the American poet had fallen into the error of thinking that one was a painter and the other a writer. He admired the paintings shown, and on leaving said to Rossetti, "I regret not meeting your brother. Pray tell him how much I admire his poem, 'The Blessed Damozel.'"

# When the Reader Writes

My dear Editor,

I have just finished my first reading of "Children of This World Marry." I like it immensely. It is splendidly sound and convincing, and I feel sure that it will excite much favorable comment from people whose judgment counts.

Nothing I have read, either for or against "Companionate Marriage," and so on, even approaches it in texture and quality. Mr. Lawrence has probed the fundamentals of the problem and his conclusions are socially, economically and spiritually sound. Second time I have used sound, but that word seems to describe my reactions to the article more accurately than any other that comes to mind. Everything else I have read has been written from an infinitely narrower viewpoint. It is delightfully satisfying to read something which is the result of thorough comprehensive analysis by a person with a broad background of knowledge, experience and sound thinking. Some very fine statements have been made by various broad-minded ministers throughout the country but they were all hampered by the "uniform" of their profession. I like it that what Mr. Lawrence has said does not rest upon any "ism," that it has the force of utter truth unhampered by intolerance of any sort. By his references to world history and to oriental—as well as occidental—thought, he has achieved the trick of carrying to his readers at least a glimpse of the breadth of vision back of his statements. That in itself is a most worthy accomplishment.

With best wishes, and trusting that I may have the pleasure of reading more articles by Frederic J. Lawrence in The Century, I am,

Yours most sincerely,
Melba Strucky Billig

Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

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My dear Editor,

As the American wife of a British husband resident for some time in a British colony, may I say that I thoroughly appreciated Berton Braley's article in the September Century Magazine "England on the Bias."

My reading of it was punctuated by loud chortles of glee as he hit nail after nail on the head. Not only were my chortles proof of its aptness, but also the fact that passages read aloud to my British husband produced an instant defense of British opinion of Americans.

However, we enjoyed every word of the article, and as the children say when pleased, "Do it some more."

Yours very truly,
Ruth W. Nisbet

Jamaica, British West Indies.

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My dear Editor,

In the September number of The Century Magazine appeared an anonymous article on "Felix Adler: the Man, the Philosopher and the Ethical Culture Movement." A few quotations reveal the writer's able and sympathetic approach to Adler's life and work. Praising "An Ethical Philosophy of Life," the article says, "It contains not only some of the profoundest ethical thinking of contemporary American philosophy, but it erects a valid, convincing argument for the founding and development of the Ethical Culture Movement." Later, after commending the contributions in education and social reform which stand as testimony to Adler's leadership and the practical working out of his philosophy, the writer speaks of Adler's insight and influence. "When he thinks or writes or speaks on a subject, he goes just that little distance further which so vastly separates all that he does from the banal and commonplace. His mind and spirit cut deep and true . . ." "And if there is in him the power to move men's souls, it is a power gained by no trick of voice or manner or emphasis, but arises simply from the utter serenity of his mind and the pure truth of what he says." For so admirable an appreciation of the founder of the Movement and for so fine a piece of writing we cannot but congratulate the author.

But where the article mentions the Ethical Movement the writer reveals a regrettable vagueness concerning the facts and too great a readiness to generalize. The point concerning the Movement which seems most to agitate him is the "Jewishness" of the movement. In making this assumption the writer reveals a lack of knowledge of the constitution of the membership of the Ethical

Societies, especially of the Societies outside New York and the number and membership of the Societies abroad. It is regrettable that any one should make generalizations concerning the Movement and its membership without first becoming familiar with the elementary facts.

Moreover it is distinctly unfair to the Movement to label it as if composed of one race and supported by one kind of people. As a matter of fact, by far the larger part of the leadership is non-Jewish (in addition to Felix Adler there are two leaders of Jewish origin); the membership of the Movement as a whole is fairly evenly divided and the support also. Especially in the establishment of the largest and most recent project, the new Pre-Vocational School, the most substantial contribution came from non-Jewish sources—so that it is again unfair and untrue that the Movement is not and cannot "ever become non-sectarian."

In addition to this mistaken information the writer oversteps the bounds when he dogmatically proclaims with absolutely no single fact to bear him out—that those Jews who helped found and carry on the Movement were "afraid of religion," and "were afraid of themselves, afraid of their Jewish tradition and heritage, afraid of the Jewish name, the Jewish difference—the racial gabardine which they still wore—above all afraid of the eternal Jewishness within themselves." "What for Felix Adler was an ethical emancipation became for his followers a racial exodus; his ascent of the spirit degenerated in them into an escape, a flight, from Jewish life." In a later paragraph the author also speaks of the "Jewish Ethical Culture Society." To the Jews who have joined in carrying on the Movement these assertions are plainly a denial of their sincerity and a dogmatizing on inner motives by one who can know little about their true reasons for affirming their faith. To the non-Jews who have worked hand in hand with them both as leaders and as fellow-members on the committees and boards of the schools and settlements and Societies of the Movement these generalizations will seem even further afield.

The founder and leaders of the Ethical Societies have had no illusions that at the mere proclamation of the Word the barriers of creed and prejudice would fall to the ground. The members too have known that the ideals of the Movement would win understanding and devotion in the world only through the slow process of ethical education. The criterion of the success of the Movement is not in its numbers, nor in their non-Jewishness, nor in the success Jews may have in escaping "the odium of the Jewish badge and Jewish name." The Movement stands because of a new insight and because of the essential truth contained in its attitude toward human life. It is not limited by any religion or race. An evaluation of the Movement must be made from a beyond-sectarian point of view: its place in the spiritual life of America, its contribution to the intellectual and religious history of mankind, its practical bearings on contemporary educational and social institutions, and its pronounced success as a laboratory in which the members of different races and sects have made a genuine effort to work out the mutual tolerance and appreciation of man by man.

ALGERNON D. BLACK

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

Pornography—that is a strong word your ex-subscriber uses in voicing his dislike for the "Proudful Fellow" and his co-sinners. We who have lived in the South among these products of a savage ancestry and thin veneer of civilization—these humans of elemental instincts and elemental reasoning power, have watched them being propelled through life by their emotions, have looked on at their striving toward the white man's code, have seen their pitiful failures—and their astonishing successes, and we would not class the actors in this drama among the pornographers. No. We are inclined to think the pornography, if there be any, is in the minds of the Proudful Fellow's white critics; and it has dulled their perceptions; has rendered them incapable of looking beyond the sex incident, therefore the truth that produced it escapes them.

Yours very truly,

MRS. ADELE CHRISTIE

Sacramento, Calif.

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My dear Editor,

May I express my appreciation of Emily Newell Blair's article in the October number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, entitled, "Neither Wet nor Dry." The position Mrs. Blair takes is novel and her thoughts are evidently very much condensed, which indicates much study of the subject. Her statements are almost without exception not open to criticism by either Wet or Dry. Many of them are admitted facts which she makes logically very useful.

I differ with her last paragraph, not as respects the Wets, but on behalf of the Drys. The Drys have for many years maintained—under the management of Miss Cora Frances Stoddard—the Scientific Temperance Federation, which is very

scrupulous in under-stating, rather than over-stating, the facts which it from time to time unearths; and I believe that many pronounced Drys like myself have never willingly closed an eye to arguments which might lead in adverse directions.

I would question the fact that college classes furnish the drunkards which were formerly found among workmen. My recollection is that from very nearly every college the report for several years past has been that drinking and drunkenness have greatly diminished during the past eight years, and as a college graduate and one who has known what drinking used to be, and to a reasonable extent what it is to-day, I do not hesitate to say that the present is incomparably better than the past.

There is one other matter in which I do not agree with Mrs. Blair's view, which is that the Prohibition law cannot be enforced in a city like New York. Every one probably understands quite clearly the extent to which the law is violated in the cities. But I have known the city for fifty years and more and do not hesitate to say that the Eighteenth Amendment in New York City is a huge success, and as a Dry of approximately fifty years' standing, I will further say that it has been more successful in eight years than I or any other well-informed Dry could have predicted.

I think Mrs. Blair is somewhat in error in assuming that any question such as the liquor question would be dealt with in a logical manner by any nation on earth. Like the errors in the World War, we muddle along and finally get through with a much greater delay in time and loss in various directions than might have been necessary.

Even now the law's success in some respects may be subjected to scientific examination, and I would suggest for a first experiment an analysis of the Vital Statistics of the United States, both before and since Prohibition, for the registration area, which covers nearly the whole country. The figures are given in the World Almanac for 1928 at pages 311 and 325. Cirrhosis of the Liver, which is in the main an alcoholic disease, has dropped since Prohibition almost to half its former rate, and while it has been steadily rising since, due to the organized opposition to the law, it has not begun to obtain its old level, except in States like New York and Maryland, where the lack of a State enforcement law has been badly felt.

Except for the sobriety of the city inhabitants generally, it would be wholly impracticable to move the holiday crowds in hundreds of thousands of cars without innumerable accidents, which do not now take place.

I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your time, but I trust you will forgive me considering the numerous arguments which I have refrained from presenting. I will, therefore, close with again expressing my very high appreciation of Mrs. Blair's article, which in the reading runs along so smoothly to its logical conclusion. I cannot but feel, being a Dry, that I may reverse her quotation and say that "though you are not for us, we may count you with us."

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES E. MANIERRE

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

I find a vast improvement in the new CENTURY over the old, though I miss the book reviews a little and Dr. Erskine a very great deal.

Very truly yours,
ADELE M. BALLARD

Seattle, Washington.

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My dear Editor,

I have read with great interest and pleasure Dr. Authur Hobson Quinn's admirable article on "What's Right With the Colleges." I read recently an article by Professor William B. Munro of Harvard who ridiculed the quacks who are attempting to treat the colleges. It is refreshing to find that at last the other side of the question is being presented. I was particularly delighted by Dr. Quinn's literary style. I congratulate him on what he has done; and as one who has been for many years connected with college administration and teaching, I thank him for his presentation of the case for the old-fashioned college. I believe that in spite of criticisms of persons who are misinformed, or ill-informed or wrong-headed, that there is an immense amount of value to a student in pursuing the studies of a so-called required course. Nothing gave me a greater thrill than the completion of a task that in itself was distasteful to me or at least unattractive. I owe an immense debt to my father and mother who practically always insisted that I finish a piece of work that I had begun, and never permitted me when I was a boy to lay it aside uncompleted, simply because I didn't happen to like it. Many things that I learned in college, although apparently useless at the time, have been of the greatest value to me in subsequent years. I wish that Dr. Quinn's article might be reprinted and widely circulated.

With kind regards, I am,
Sincerely yours,
JOSIAH H. PENNIMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

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